PRO FOOTBALL SHOWDOWN | JOHN STEINBECK | NEW GOREN QUIZ

Sports Illustrated

DECEMBER 20, 1965 35 CENTS

Sportsman of the Year: SANDY KOUFAX

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A Christmas Prayer

Let us pray that strength and courage abundant be given to all who work for a world of reason and understanding ✣ that the good that lies in every man's heart may day by day be magnified ✣ that men will come to see more clearly not that which divides them, but that which unites them ✣ that each hour may bring us closer to a final victory, not of nation over nation, but of man over his own evils and weaknesses ✣ that the true spirit of this Christmas Season — its joy, its beauty, its hope, and above all its abiding faith — may live among us ✣ that the blessings of peace be ours — the peace to build and grow, to live in harmony and sympathy with others, and to plan for the future with confidence.

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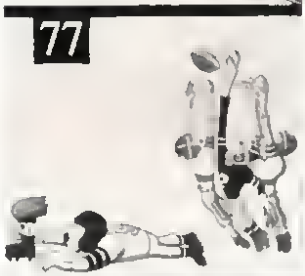

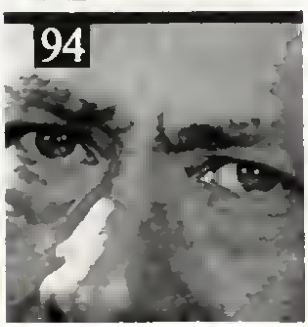

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Next issue

AS PRO FOOTBALL PEAKS in the championship games, Edwin Shrake reports the San Diego-Buffalo contest in the AFL, Tex Maule tells which team should win in the NFL.

THE BOWL SEASON begins. Dan Jenkins previews the games between the conference champions that may, with a bit of far-out luck, decide conclusively which team is the best.

SYMBOLS OF PROTEST at the University of California are beards, beats and demonstrations. But Alfred Wright reveals that the Berkeley campus is more complex than that.

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

In the article beginning on page 94 John Steinbeck has written one short sentence that pretty well sums things up for us in this end-of-the-year summing-up time. "Sports," he says, "get into everything." One catches a small note of surprise in his tone. Without sharing that astonishment, we admit to having been a little awed over the years by reminders of how completely sports do get into everything. It was certainly on this premise that we approached writers such as Faulkner, Marquand, O'Hara and now Steinbeck and successfully encouraged them to do stories for SPORTS ILLUSTRATED. The background of this week's article illuminates the whole point.

It began early this fall with a phone call to Mr. Steinbeck's literary agent, Elizabeth Otis, who is one of the best. She has represented Mr. Steinbeck for 35 years and, as Steinbeck puts it, "she is a hard woman, but she is hard on my side and that is a matter of great satisfaction to me."

Miss Otis was asked if she thought Mr. Steinbeck would consider writing an essay on sports. She said the proposition was hopeless because 1) he writes almost nothing for magazines, and 2) he knows nothing about sports. If we wanted to persist she would, however, be glad to pass along to him any letter requesting such an essay.

We did persist, and one week later a note arrived from Miss Otis: "To my complete astonishment, Mr. Steinbeck has answered your letter." Attached was the manuscript of what our editors, and later Mr. Steinbeck himself, came to call his "non-essay on sports." "Manuscript" actually evokes the wrong image. It was a letter, plain and simple. It had scratched-out places and small editorial repairs where the Steinbeck typing finger kept hitting the 9 instead of the 0 and a piece Scotch-taped onto the bottom of a page where a thought had proved longer than the paper it was being set down on. It even had Hemingway spelled with two m's. (Deliberately?). But, above all, it showed the rich enthusiasm of a man recalling places where sports had touched his life, from the fourth grade forward to today and even tomorrow, assuming he is ready to start the oak-tree race he has invented.

When it was mentioned to Mr. Steinbeck that his sporting interests had escaped Miss Otis, he answered that it did not surprise him that she was "unaware of one of the secret lives of this Mitty. One does not tell her everything. I have never told her about the alligator wrestling [*page 99*] for the same reason I did not tell you. Neither of you would have believed it."

He observed that his non-essay was a "rough and unpolished thing," but he evidenced an inner satisfaction with it by making only one small revision. He did request that a stern eye be kept on the spelling—exit Mr. Hemingway's extra m. Later, hesitantly, knowing the furies such things can arouse, Miss Otis was asked how strongly Mr. Steinbeck felt about keeping his own style of punctuation. "For years," she said, "Mr. Steinbeck put a comma after every seven words, figuring that should about do it. He is better now, but do feel free to suggest changes."

There is one final note, and we hope Mr. Steinbeck will excuse us for quoting him so much. In his last letter concerning his piece he said, "I am pleased that you like my non-essay on sports. It was in a sense a pretentious thing to do, since I am deeply aware that much of the American writing which is now so admired in Europe is the work of men who got their training in sports-writing. . . . I am sorry it is over, because I may never get another chance to parade my ignorance in such style."

We are sorry it is over, too, because it has been a pleasure to have a Nobel Prizewinning alligator wrestler remind us that sports get into everything.

•

Our next issue will be dated January 3. May we choose this time to wish you a Merry Christmas and a successful New Year.

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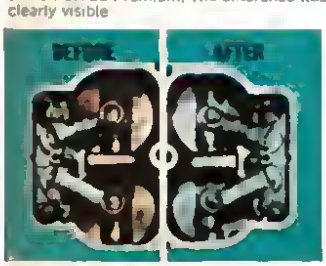

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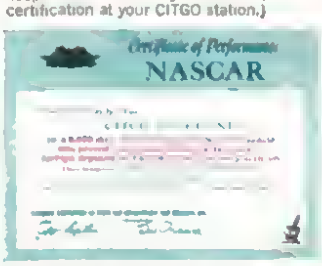

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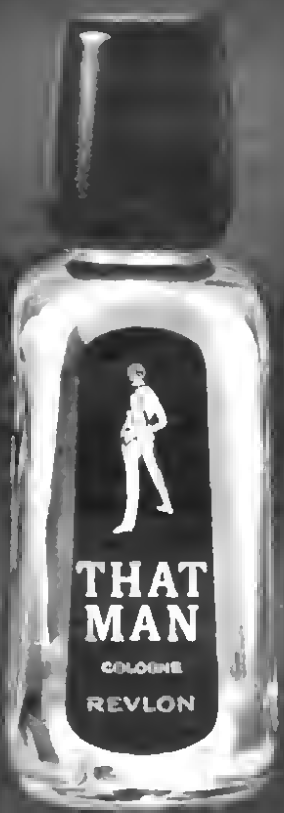

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Plymouth Belvederes conquer USAC, wrap up all four 1965 Stock Car Championships!

Plymouth, and Norm Nelson, finished the 1965 USAC Stock Car racing season with a perfect score, taking all four titles of the year.

Belvederes totaled more than twice as many points as any other car make, taking both the Manufacturers Championship and the Index of Performance Championship. Nelson took 1st place in the driver's point standing with his Belvedere as well as 1st in the owner's point race. Paul Goldsmith ran his into 2nd place and Jim Hurtubise piloted his to a solid 4th place season's finish.

Add up all the USAC wins and specially prepared Belvederes took thirteen 1st places out of 18 USAC-sanctioned stock car events, including the Pike's Peak Hill Climb.

Plymouth has been the car to beat ever since its record-smashing 1, 2, 3 finish in the Daytona '500' a couple of years ago. This is part of the reason that ruggedness and performance are synonymous with Plymouth.

Ruggedness, performance and durability on the street are synonymous with the all-new 1966 Belvedere, too. It has features like torsion-bar suspension, asymmetrical rear springs (to control front-end dive and rear-end squat), Safety-Rim wheels and a complete package of safety features—all standard.

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SCORECARD

SPORTSMEN

The behavior of crowds at basketball games seems to be reaching a new low this year. As yet, no player has been hit in the eye with a heated penny, but the season is young. There was a time when every college area had one particular gym that visiting teams referred to as "the snake pit", today, nearly every court is a snake pit for visiting teams.

What happened to UCLA at Duke University's field house last week is fairly typical. Throughout the game, about 9,000 locals screamed in chorus: "UCLA, go to hell!" Whenever a UCLA player stepped to the foul line to attempt a free throw, the crowd whistled shrilly. Before the game, as each Uclan was introduced, instead of encouraging a semipolite round of applause Duke cheerleaders led the home folks in a raucous "Who's he?"

What to do about this? How to control volatile collegiate spirits and restore an element of sportsmanship to basketball? It's really very simple. Crowd behavior at basketball games is the responsibility of the home coach. All that he has to do is take the public-address microphone after the first shout of "go to hell" or the first round of whistles and announce: "If this audience does not begin to behave I will take my team off the floor and forfeit the game."

It's been done before.

STAY OUT OF THE GUTTER

The Milby Memorial Methodist Church of Houston, like many another church, has a bowling league. In second place at latest report, is a team called the Holy Rollers.

SPARTA MOBILIZES

The Spartans are going to the Rose Bowl —by the legion. Michigan State's trek to Pasadena may well be the largest transfer of people ever for a Rose Bowl event. Athletic Director Biggie Munn says that 7,500 students already have purchased tickets, and at least 4,000 alumni and friends are expected.

Special group trips will transport 2,900 Spartans to Los Angeles in five jets, nine prop planes, eight Pullman cars, 13 coach cars and seven buses. The university itself has already reserved more than 4,000 beds in the Los Angeles area. One final statistic: officials have had to subdivide the traditional New Year's Eve dinner dance into several smaller, more intimate parties with only 1,000 to 1,200 people at each.

COACHING AID

Things are not as bad as they appear around Millersville State College in Pennsylvania. All those guys on crutches are not leftovers from a train wreck—it's just that the swimming team is back in training. "Walking with crutches is a tremendous muscle builder for the upper part of the body," says Coach John Apple, who has instructed his swimmers to crutch it to and from classes before practice. Whether the routine will really help the team remains to be seen, but one can guess that it didn't do much for the

woman driver who stopped at an intersection to wave a poor afflicted Millersville student across the street, only to see him tuck his crutches under his arm and sprint.

MR. RICKEY

Jackie Robinson was receiving his plaque from baseball's Hall of Fame in Cooperstown. Distinguished guests were listening attentively. Robinson had paid tribute to his mother and his wife, and now he

continued

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had begun, "And then there is the one man who guided me like a father, the man who . . ." He stopped short as a gruff voice roared out: "Turn up the loudspeakers!" Everyone turned to see Branch Rickey, a hand cupped to his "good ear," straining to hear the tribute to himself.

Branch Rickey was vain enough to cherish any compliment, but in this case it was fitting that he hear every word that the first Negro to play major league baseball had to say about him. It is likely that what Rickey did to break baseball's color line will be of more lasting significance than all his other accomplishments in the game to which he gave his life.

It was in character that, in November, Rickey left a hospital to attend the dinner celebrating his own election to Missouri's Sports Hall of Fame, and that he was speaking of courage when he was stricken. It was in character, too, that he attended the ceremony not as a half-forgotten oldtimer but as a still vigorous, vocal and controversial figure in the center of the sporting stage.

Many people loved Branch Rickey; others professed to despise him. But now the critics are still and only the best things are being heard. It might be nice, whenever eulogies are delivered, if someone would see to it that the loudspeakers are turned up high.

TWO-HEADED JEOPARDY

Sonny Liston fights for smaller stakes now. Sonny's latest headlined match—abruptly terminated by a court order—was fought for a nickel. A two-headed nickel.

Denver Waiter Ira Martin had borrowed the two-faced coin from Liston and never returned it. The Bear eventually cornered Martin in a barbershop, poked him in the chestbone several times with a massive finger and, so Martin claimed, called him a nasty name and threatened to kill him. Martin fled to a lawyer, who obtained a temporary restraining order against Liston.

In a hearing to determine whether the order should be made a permanent injunction, Liston told the judge that a) he was "only joking" when he told Martin he would kill him, b) he had no intention of causing Martin any bodily harm, c) he had poked the waiter with his finger "because I always talk with my hands" and d) he hadn't cursed at Martin "because I never curse." Anyway, his two-headed

continued

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Good Housekeeping

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nickel had been returned in the mail by some anonymous person "who had come across it."

Judge Mitchell Johns, describing the affair as a "two-bit case over a two-headed nickel," dismissed the action.

"Mr. Liston," he said, "you stay away from this man, will you?"

"Yes, sir," Sonny replied.

"And you, Mr. Martin," the judge went on, "don't get in his way, either."

MISERY IS A FOOTBALL GAME

These are not happy times for Mal Florence, football writer for the *Los Angeles Times*. He has come to dread road trips. Since taking over the beat, he has seen the Rams win only three away games, tie two and lose 33. In 1963, when Mal was recuperating from a car accident, another man covered three road games. The Rams won two of the three.

Florence also is an ardent USC fan, and he was distressed when he was assigned to cover the Stanford-California game the same afternoon his Trojans battled UCLA for the Rose Bowl bid. Dutifully he sat in the Stanford stadium press box, but his heart and ears were tuned to a transistor radio report from Los Angeles. After UCLA won, in the last two minutes, he sadly packed up his typewriter and trudged to the elevator, where he was reminded that he was there for the Cal-Stanford game. Mal had to return sheepishly to his seat, unpack his typewriter and write a game story in the noble tradition of The Show Must Go On.

NO MORE SNOW JOBS

Snow reports from New England ski resorts are being reformed. The old reports, consisting mostly of the words "poor," "fair," "good" or "excellent," were at best subjective and at worst an inducement to slant the weather news heavily in the resorts' favor. The new system is designed to be factual rather than promotional. A typical twice-daily report might look like this: "Blue Mt.—14 24 PG PP 1/8." That means the average minimum base-snow depth is 14 inches on lower elevations, 24 inches on upper elevations; lower surface conditions are a combination of packed powder and granular, upper conditions exclusively packed powder; new snow accumulation is one inch on lower slopes, eight inches on upper. Had there been any precipitation—whether snow, sleet

continued

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Relax! Thunderbird's new 1966 Highway Pilot Control option makes long drives almost effortless. It lets you "set," "retard," and "resume" your cruising speed with just a flick of your finger. This unit is thoughtfully located within the spokes of Thunderbird's Swing-Away steering wheel.

Other Thunderbird personal touches for 1966: a new full-width taillight, a new 4-speaker AM Radio/Stereo-Sonic Tape option. Easy-loading cartridges give you over 70 minutes of music. There's a new push-button Safety-Convenience Panel mounted overhead on Town Hardtop and Landau models; a more powerful, standard V-8 . . . a monumental 428-cubic-inch V-8 option . . . and all the craftsmanship that has made this car a trend-setting classic in its own time!

Thunderbird

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or rain—it would have been noted at the end.

We applaud the innovation, of course, but deep inside we feel a small regret that one more element of excitement has gone out of our standardized civilization ("Hey, George, does 'good' mean that the rocks are still showing, or is that 'fair'?").

PHILLY FLAKES

American League teams have found the perfect way to dispose of their "flaky" baseball players: trade them to Philadelphia and let Gene Mauch worry about them. Last year it was Dick Stuart and Bo Belinsky; this year, so far, it has been Phil Linz and Jackie Brandt. What is a "flake"? Says Brandt, an expert in the field, "It's a guy that's . . ." and then he took his forefinger and made an airy circle near his temple. Brandt once told a former Baltimore manager, Billy Hitchcock, "I'm going to play with harder nonchalance this year." Stuart threw a bowling ball through a picture window *one night when* he *was locked out of* his home. Belinsky once said: "I regret I can't sit in the stands and watch me." And Linz, of course, is the famed harmonica player. Now, if they could get Dizzy Dean to broadcast.

MARKSMAN

Bob Marks of Bucknell made no All-America team this year and, in truth, no one really expected him to. Yet Marks —even though he's a defensive back by trade—was probably the most effective passer in college football. He was used sparingly on offense and got to throw only 32 passes all season, less than many pro quarterbacks do in one game. But he completed 22 of the 32, and eight—or one of every four passes that he threw —went for touchdowns. He had a nice sense of the dramatic, too. When his team fell behind in its final conference game, Marks came out of the bullpen—er, the defense—and flipped two touchdown passes to give Bucknell its first Middle Atlantic Conference championship.

PROMISE HIM ANYTHING

Men's perfume—cologne, that is, and after-shave lotion—is in the air these days, and the copy selling it is redolent of the finest in sports cliché. Jaguar, for instance, is "for the man . . . who plays to win, whatever the game," and Tournament is "for the man with drive." Sir

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is "aggressive," Royal Regiment is "brilliantly rugged," Danté has "subtle power" and British Sterling says you'll "become a legend in your own time." Gant, on the one hand, appeals to the Leo Durocher or win-at-any-price school (it "gives a man an unfair advantage"), whereas Match Play apparently is for the underdog ("you'll stage an upset—whatever the game").

This is all an interesting development, and one that should last for some time. We hope that the manufacturers continue to catch the scent of sport in their pursuit of new products, and we recommend only that they come closer to the target in their search for he-man reality. For starters, we suggest Old Mitt ("you won't drop the ball"), Tennis Socks ("stand straight and tall"), Gray Sweatshirt ("unforgettably masculine") and Locker Room ("she'll remember you").

REVOLT

Fishermen, long driven to fantasies of justifiable homicide by water skiers, have finally found one of their number willing to strike back. When the latest skier buzzed Larry Weber's dock on Clearwater Beach in Florida, Weber stood ready with fishing rod. He made a perfect cast with a hookless dummy plug, the line went around target Phil Lundin's waist and Lundin's water skiing go was abruptly ended.

The cop that Lundin angrily summoned must have been a water skier: he hauled Weber in on an assault-and-battery charge. Judge Robert Freeze of Clearwater kept Weber out of the cooler by reducing the charge to simple assault and fining him $15. The judge also complimented him on his casting.

THEY SAID IT

- Frank McGuire, South Carolina basketball coach, on recruiting talent from the New York metropolitan area: "We have a new delicatessen on the campus, which is nice. Now we need an Italian restaurant so we can get some other kids."
- Andrew Mulligan, Paris correspondent of the London *Observer*, after viewing a telecast of an American football game: "Sport is an exportable commodity, like language and cuisine."
- Lou Saban, Buffalo Bills' coach: "No, we don't have a Johnny Unitas in the American Football League, but there are 13 teams in the National Football League that don't have one either." **END**

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Sports Illustrated
DECEMBER 20, 1965

NEIL LEIFER

A GHOSTLY MASSACRE

On a foggy day in Maryland, perfect for fearsome deeds, Green Bay's spectral Packers suddenly re-materialized in the solid form of 1961-62 and stripped the NFL Western Division lead from the Baltimore Colts

by TEX MAULE

In Baltimore's eerie, fog-shrouded Memorial Stadium last Sunday a green-shirted ghost came out of the past to terrorize the National Football League. The Green Bay Packers of 1961 and 1962 returned in all their might and with all their computer precision to overwhelm the Baltimore Colts 42-27 and supplant them at the top of the NFL's Western Division with just one game left in the season.

The Packers had finished in second place for two years, and for a while this season it seemed they might sink even lower. The Green Bay offense had sputtered and stalled instead of moving with its old ferocious efficiency. The line blocked haphazardly, Paul Hornung and Jim Taylor ran gimpily and Bart Starr had to run for his life.

But last Sunday these vintage warriors—and their younger accomplices (SI, Oct. 4)—suddenly began to play like invincible champions. Fuzzy Thurston, who had been on the bench much of the year, returned to his guard position. Jerry Kramer, who played not at all last year because of an operation, was in his old familiar spot at the other guard. Forrest Gregg, who had been playing guard, went back to tackle, where he had earned all-pro honors. It was virtually the same offensive line that won two championships.

And behind it Hornung—the onetime gambler and alltime lover—ran and blocked with the joyous élan he had shown when he earned the nickname Golden Boy. Hornung was not alone. Jim Taylor thundered over the Colts with abandon; once he slammed headlong into a knot of would-be tacklers at the Baltimore 15, shook them off as casually as you might shake raindrops from your coat and ran on down to the Colt four. And Starr, afforded the kind of blocking he had long ago grown accustomed to and had begun to forget in recent weeks, calmly picked the Colt defense to pieces.

Because they had to beat the Colts to retain any chance for a title, the Packers spent five days sequestered in a motel outside Washington preparing for this game. Vince Lombardi brought them there early, ostensibly to avoid the danger of curtailed practice in the icy Wisconsin winter. There may have been another reason—the Packers are famous for their playboy tendencies and this was no time for play.

"The ballplayers stayed at the motel all the time," Lombardi said with a certain tone of grim satisfaction after the game. "They had a 10:30 curfew and they got lots of rest. Today they showed it."

The man who showed it most was Hornung—who has another nickname besides Golden Boy. Occasionally during the time they were at the motel, Hornung's teammates serenaded him. "The Goat's come back, the Goat's come back," they sang. "Thought he was a goner, but the Goat's come back." Hornung, because of his sloping shoulders, is called Goat Shoulders by the Packers, or Goat, for short. Until last Sunday, it had been a painfully appropriate nickname. "I got my legs back for the first time," Hornung said in the dressing room after the victory. "I guess all that rest did it."

Hornung carried the ball 15 times and gained 61 yards. He caught two passes and scored five touchdowns. He blocked with his remembered ferocity, helping to clear routes for Jim Taylor to pile up 66 yards on 17 carries. He was again the spark for the Packer team.

Although they performed superbly all of the dank afternoon, the Packers won the game with three key plays.

One came early in the second quarter. Leading 7-3, Green Bay had the ball on the 50-yard line, third down and two to go. In this situation Starr often calls a fake hand-off to Jim Taylor into the line, and then throws a pass. Often enough in past seasons this ploy has produced a touchdown. He called the play and Taylor faked the run. Hornung, who blocks for Taylor on a run of this type, feinted a block and ambled downfield. Starr passed to him and Hornung went the 50 yards untouched by

continued

A Golden Boy again, Paul Hornung scores the first of his five touchdowns on a 2-yard slant through the left side of the Colt line.

88
89
26

any Colt, giving the Packers a 14–3 lead.

The next key move came late in the same quarter. With Green Bay ahead 14–13 after young Gary Cuozzo—at quarterback in place of the injured Johnny Unitas—had rallied the Colts stubbornly, Jim Taylor fumbled and Baltimore's Bobby Boyd picked up the loose ball and carried it to the Packer four. Suddenly the Colts had an opportunity to take the lead and, perhaps, to establish a winning momentum. Cuozzo called one running play, then tried to sneak a pass to Jerry Hill in the end zone. But Dave Robinson leaped high in the air, intercepted the ball on the Packer two and returned it 88 yards to the Baltimore 10 before Cuozzo himself forced the big linebacker to slow down enough for Lennie Moore to make the tackle from behind. A moment later the Packers scored and went ahead 21–13. More important, they retained solid control of the game.

"I was up tight on John Mackey," Robinson said later. "On the goal line, you have to stay up close. If you loosen up, they'll drive you right out of there. I saw Cuozzo out of the corner of my eye, and when he threw I dropped off Mackey and played the ball. It just wasn't quite high enough."

Late in the game, Starr dealt the final blow to Colt hopes. With third down and nine yards to go against a suddenly fired-up Baltimore team now trailing only 35–27, Starr sensed an imminent all-out blitz. He changed his play to a pass and hit Hornung in the area vacated by one of the linebackers. Hornung ran 65 yards for the touchdown with no Colts anywhere in his immediate vicinity, and Don Chandler kicked the point to make the final score 42–27.

Lombardi had planned to attack the Colt flanks with his running game, counting on Baltimore tightening the defensive ends and corner linebackers in an effort to stop the Packers' strong inside running. He was right. Starr called a number of wide plays, with Hornung or Taylor carrying, and turned the Colt flank several times for key gains, including an ultimate nine-yard sweep by Hornung for a touchdown.

Among the most notable improvements in the Green Bay offense was the performance of the line. Once considered the best blocking unit in football, it had faltered noticeably in recent weeks, neither opening holes for the running backs nor providing adequate time for Starr to pass.

The re-establishment of Thurston at guard and of Gregg at tackle did wonders. So well did the line operate against Baltimore that the Colts never once reached Starr before he could get his pass away. Starr responded by completing 10 of 17 passes for 222 yards and three touchdowns.

"It was great individual effort by Bart and Paul and Jim," Jerry Kramer said. "No, I take that back. It was a great effort by everyone. We had confidence in ourselves again." Taylor, like Hornung, credited his improvement to his rejuvenated legs. "I said early in the week that my legs felt better than they have since September. That was the day I hurt my ankle in an exhibition game against the St. Louis Cardinals. Then I had trouble with an Achilles tendon, but I didn't want anyone to know about it, so I would say my ankle was bothering me if anyone asked. But today everything felt good."

"Shows you the value of clean living," Hornung said, walking painfully through the dressing room. Lombardi took him at his word. Instead of flying the team back to Green Bay, he shepherded them aboard a charter jet for San Francisco. They will be incommunicado at Palo Alto, preparing for the 49ers.

If the Packers should by some strange chance lose in San Francisco, then the most likely opponent for Cleveland in the NFL championship game would be the trounced but unbroken Colts. They must play the resurgent Rams in Los Angeles Saturday, without either Cuozzo or Unitas at quarterback. They will have to go with Tom Matte, who played quarterback at Ohio State, a team notable for its nonexistent passing. Behind Matte is George Haffner, up from the taxi squad. Cuozzo, having a separated left shoulder repaired, will be languishing in the same hospital where Unitas was taken after his injury in the Bear game.

It is to Cuozzo's credit that he came back to play a courageous second half in Sunday's game. Early in the third quarter he was hit hard, and his left shoulder was hurt. He was rushed to the dressing room and as the Baltimore fans wondered dolefully whether it was their lot to lose two superior quarterbacks in a single season, Matte filled in for a series of downs. Then Cuozzo came back. Against the best pass defense in the league he ultimately completed 20 of 38 throws for one touchdown. It was a frustrating culmination of a tense week for the 24-year-old dental student who has understudied Unitas patiently for three years.

"This whole week has been different," he said the day before the game, after he had been stopped coming out of the locker room by autograph seekers. "That never used to happen. It's different when you're No. 1." He climbed into his car to head for the Sheraton Belvedere and a lunch date. "It's not like being No. 2," he said, his dark, handsome face very serious. "When you make a mistake at practice as No. 2, everyone shrugs it off. But you do the same thing as No. 1 and you hear a kind of rustle, a kind of murmur. You are much more aware of everything you do. So is everyone else."

This game was only the second that Cuozzo had started since he joined the Colts. The other was against the Minnesota Vikings, and in that one he completed five touchdown passes. He played the second half in both Chicago Bear games.

"One of the worst nights of my life came after the game against the Bears last week," he said, remembering the 13–0 defeat. "I lay in bed and tried to sleep and all I could do was go over the mistakes I had made. There were some good things, like the long pass to Jimmy Orr that was called back. Jimmy called the pattern. It's funny. It was a pattern he had never run before, a fake to the outside and then a post, and he told me he could beat his man and he did. He does that a lot in a game, adjusts to different conditions."

Cuozzo doubtless had an even worse night Sunday, although his performance was good enough to have won most games. Not only was he playing against one of the quickest and one of the smartest defenses in football, but the Packers deprived him of one of his most dangerous targets when they jammed John Mackey at the line of scrimmage, forcing him out of his patterns. Mackey, a first-rate tight end, usually catches a big share of Colt passes, whether thrown by Unitas or Cuozzo. But Linebackers LeRoy Caffey and Dave Robinson made a point of

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WALTER IOOSS IR

Dave Robinson leaps to make the interception that killed a Baltimore scoring threat and turned the tide irrevocably in Packers' favor.

grabbing Mackey at the line of scrimmage and harassing him. They succeeded so well that he caught only one pass all afternoon.

Despite Green Bay's resurgence and the gallant effort of the crippled Colts, it seems almost a shame that only a slim mathematical chance remains for the Bears. Of the three contenders, Chicago certainly presents much the most exciting attack. Gale Sayers, the Bears' rookie runner, scored a remarkable six touchdowns against the San Francisco 49ers last Sunday. Some experts feel that Chicago, after a staggering start in which it lost three games in a row, may now be the best team in the league. But it is doubtful that the Bears could have defeated the Packer team that riddled Baltimore Sunday. It is even more doubtful that the Bears could defeat the Packers in Green Bay in a playoff for the division title, should that slight but definite chance become reality.

Finally, it is most doubtful that the Cleveland Browns, who clinched the Eastern title on Nov. 28, will be able to defeat the Western team that makes it into the championship game on January 2. Although the Packers, Colts and Bears have marked differences as teams, they have one important thing in common. Competing in the rugged West, they have survived a far more difficult schedule than has Cleveland. Each of the three teams won its two games with Eastern Division rivals. Five of the six victories came fairly easily; only the Dallas Cowboys managed to extend one of the three, holding Green Bay to a meager 13–3 victory.

All three clubs have defenses which

IN THE AFL: ANOTHER FLAG FOR SAN DIEGO

by EDWIN SHRAKE

With their helmets tucked under their arms and their uniforms smelling clean from the laundry, the San Diego Chargers and the Buffalo Bills were standing under the south goalposts at Balboa Stadium on Thanksgiving Day, waiting to be introduced to the nation on television. Several of the Bills kept edging up to one Charger—a very tall man with a head the size of a bucket and a body that a grizzly bear could be proud of—and grinning and shaking his hand as if it was certainly terrific to see him again, grand person that he was. The Buffalo quarterback, Jack Kemp, was laughing about it later though somewhat cautiously, since his ribs still ached from being fallen on by that same Charger. "Our offensive linemen always give Ernie Ladd the big hello and try to be friendly with him," Kemp said. "They don't want him mad at them. But I don't think it fools Ernie a bit."

Ladd, who is 6 feet 9 and weighs 300 pounds, is the key to a defensive line that will help the Chargers win their second American Football League championship when they play the Bills again for the title the day after Christmas. The best chance for the Bills to beat the Chargers on a dry field is to control the ball, and that is the chance San Diego's front four will take away. Lacking receivers since Elbert Dubenion and Glenn Bass were injured early in the season, Buffalo must drive the ball on the ground for long periods not only to score but to keep San Diego's blitzkrieg offense off the field. Ladd, Earl Faison, George Gross and Bob Petrich, with the assistance of the linebackers, should be able to stop Buffalo's running and put on enough of a pass rush to prevent Kemp from having one of his occasional hot afternoons. There is a story among the players that Ladd and Faison get a touch meaner when they are going after Kemp, whose conservative politics irritates them. Whether that is true or not, the Charger rush forces Kemp to roll out of the blocking pocket, and in the Thanksgiving Day game he took punishment that no man could forget.

Buffalo Center Dave Behrman and Guard Billy Shaw, the team captain, double block on Ladd. Lou Saban, the Bills' coach, installed the 260-pound Behrman at center specifically for that job because, as Saban says, "Ladd can beat on him all day and he won't cave in." That leaves Buffalo Guard Al Bemiller opposing Gross, who is 25 pounds heavier. Stew Barber, Buffalo's left tackle, is one of the finest in the business but has difficulty with the improving Petrich. Right Tackle Dick Hudson, a former Charger, has even more trouble with Faison. If Buffalo is able to run against San Diego it will be on traps or at Petrich. The Bill backs do not have the speed to go outside.

When Kemp has to throw against the Chargers there is no joy in Buffalo. His most dangerous receiver, Charley Ferguson, is bothered by a pulled hamstring and, while he can make outstanding catches, he can also drop easy ones. Bo Roberson, obtained in a trade from Oakland, could be an annoyance as a deep threat. More probably Kemp will work toward the strong side—where San Diego has two rookies to play the linebacker position—and will throw to his tight end, 250-pound rookie Paul Costa, who made an excellent catch of a desperation pass to help the Bills get a 20–20 tie on Thanksgiving. Kemp has a strong arm and is at his best against a zone defense, but the Charger defensive backs are very quick. In the last two games against them Kemp passed for just 48 and 201 yards.

Compared to those figures the statistics for San Diego Quarterback John Hadl are All-Pro. Hadl hit for 314 and 312 yards against the Bills this year, and both those games were played in the mud. To beat Hadl the Bills must put pressure on him, and that will have to come from rushing the linebackers. Buffalo is not known as a blitzing team, but the Bills may well try the blitz on Hadl in the championship game now that Linebacker Mike Stratton—whose smashing tackle knocked Charger Fullback Keith Lincoln out of last year's championship with two broken ribs—has recovered from a bout with the flu. Hadl has a reputation for being either super or sandlot. Nobody can predict which he will be on December 26, but the Bills will have more hope of him being sandlot if they can rap him a few times with linebackers early in the game. The flaw in that idea is that Hadl has become smart at reading

are, at least statistically, superior to Cleveland's. More significantly, they have compiled superior defensive records against stronger offenses. Offensively, the Bears and the Packers can match the Cleveland running attack, even with Jim Brown. Along with Sayers, the Bears can unleash Andy Livingston, Ronnie Bull and Jon Arnett.

With Paul Warfield recovered from a collarbone fracture and operating at peak efficiency, Cleveland probably holds an advantage in passing over any of the Western teams, although it is a very narrow one over Baltimore. The Browns' Ryan must be rated ahead of either Chicago's Bukich or Cuozzo on experience, but there is little difference between them in accuracy. Of the three games the Browns have lost, two were to their two Western Division rivals, Minnesota and Los Angeles. Both losses were by sizable scores, the most recent being the 42–7 debacle arranged by the Rams on the Coast last week. Earlier in the season, the Vikings beat the Browns 27–17 and did it decisively, holding Jim Brown to one of the lowest rushing marks of his career—39 yards.

Looking ahead after the victory over Baltimore, one of the Packer veterans said, "I'm not too worried about the Browns. We have always played well against them, and we'll have them in Green Bay. I'm worried about the 49ers next week."

Lombardi wasn't worried. As he herded the Packers into the bus for Dulles Airport he made no attempt to conceal his elation. "We look like we are just now reaching our peak," he said. "I can't think of a better time."

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defenses. He also likes to throw into the areas covered by Buffalo's linebackers, a simpler task if they are not there.

For protection Hadl has an offensive line that rates with Buffalo's at the top of the league. Since Buffalo's defensive line is almost as good as San Diego's, there will be some interesting individual battles up front. San Diego Left Guard Ernie Park had success in the last meeting, blocking on Buffalo Tackle Tom Sestak (SI, Oct. 25), who is one of the game's best but has played the entire season with a bad knee that has cut down his mobility. The Chargers' left tackle, Ernie Wright, is a superb pass blocker and faces the man San Diego Coach Sid Gillman fears most among the Bills' rushers—Right End Tom Day. Charger Right Guard Walt Sweeney is fast and strong at 260 pounds and is perhaps the team's best offensive lineman this year. He opposes 280-pound Jim Dunaway, who has become one of the AFL's most powerful tackles. Ron Mix, San Diego right tackle and an All-League selection for five years, usually is tough on Buffalo Left End Roland McDole. One thing the Chargers seldom execute effectively against Buffalo is the trap block. "They're hard to trap because they read what you're doing and then pursue laterally, while other teams come across the line before they pursue," says a Charger lineman.

If Hadl has time to throw he has some exceptional targets to aim at. Foremost is Flanker Lance Alworth (SI, Dec. 13), who is continually open on quick out patterns against the Buffalo cornerbacks. "The whole thing is making your turn at the right instant against Alworth," says Corner Back Booker Edgerson. "He'll try to run you off and then make his cut. You've got to be able to turn as he does, or you're lost." San Diego Split End Don Norton has slowed somewhat but is a tricky receiver and does well against Corner Back Butch Byrd, who has problems with the Chargers' run-pass options. At tight end Jacque MacKinnon has moved ahead of Dave Kocourek. An indication of the Chargers' strength at that position is that Kocourek is an All-AFL candidate and is one of the men the Bills respect the most.

In the unlikely event that no regular receiver can find receiving room among Buffalo's defensive backs Hadl can always throw to Lincoln or Halfback Paul Lowe. In those two the Chargers have backs that other teams genuinely envy. Lincoln has amazing balance and toughness, and the speed to score on any play. He had a pulled hamstring much of this season and when he got well was benched for a while in favor of rookie Gene Foster. "Keith's trouble was blocking on the ends," explains a teammate. "But that was only because he hadn't played enough to get used to being hit." Lincoln returned against Buffalo on Thanksgiving, made a 66-yard run with a swing pass and now is in raging good health. "He kicks 'em aside," says Gillman. Lowe, a 210-pounder with the speed of a sprinter, has avoided injury and leads the league in rushing. With the fast turf he should have in San Diego, Lowe can run away from the Bills on sweeps. Speed could be a factor in kick returns also. Little Leslie Duncan of the Chargers has a 15.5-yard average on punt returns and escaped on a couple of beautiful runs in the first game against Buffalo.

It is fortunate for the Chargers that they have an advantage in running the ball back, because they clearly do not in kicking it. Hadl does most of San Diego's punting and seems to kick better if he is throwing accurately. But the Bills have an excellent pressure punter in Paul Maguire, who was traded to them by San Diego. The Charger field-goal kicker is Herb Travenio, who has a full-time job as a postman and kicks like one. Pete Gogolak, the Bills' side-foot kicker, is accurate from short ranges and should be in a happier mood now—he has decided to sign a new contract after threatening for three-quarters of the season to play out his option. If the championship game should turn into a kicking contest—due to mud or important injuries or aroused defenses—the Bills have superiority.

Buffalo goes into the championship with the best record in the league. The Bills cinched their Eastern Division title with three games left. The Chargers, meanwhile, have been up and down and were beaten 31–7 by Kansas City in mid November. But in the stretch, with both Oakland and Kansas City in contention with them, the Chargers got together and pulled away for their fifth Western Division championship.

Last year San Diego had the better team but lost to Buffalo in the championship game 20–7. Alworth missed that day because of a knee injury, and Lincoln played little. This year it is Buffalo that is damaged by injuries to its receivers. The Bills believe they can win if they get an early lead. Ladd and the Charger defense should deny them that. The San Diego offense is good for three touchdowns or more, which ought to be enough for them to win by two. END

THE BRITISH PLAN A CUP CAPER

A onetime London clerk masks his men but not his intentions as he forthrightly sets out to find and develop a team of golf professionals good enough to win the cherished Ryder Cup back from America

by JOHN LOVESEY

It will probably be agreed," huffed British Golf Writer Henry Longhurst in London's *Sunday Times*, "that this picture plumbs depths of lunacy unparalleled in the history of sport." What had roused Henry, and British golf followers in general, was the sight of their esteemed Ryder Cup captain, Harry Weetman, eying some Scottish golfers hiding behind Halloween masks.

The disguises were partly a publicity gag—they made newspaper headlines and partly serious. The golfers had assembled to be tested by Weetman for a unique "golf circus," which is designed to develop British golf professionals capable of beating Americans and, specifically, of beating them in the biennial Ryder Cup matches. Since some of the masked men were youthful assistant golf pros not anxious to let their bosses know they were out job hunting and others were amateurs whose attempt to try out for a pro subsidy could endanger their amateur standing, the use of the masks while bizarre—was not totally absurd.

Defeating the Americans is getting to be a passion with the British and, if their methods are becoming strange, they can hardly be rebuked for trying something new. Not in 14 years has a native son been able to win the British Open, and only once in 30 years have the British won the Ryder Cup.

As a consequence, two British businessmen have been separately engaged in seeking out promising golfers and helping with their development. Until recently, the best known was Ernest Butten, owner of a management consultant firm in Kent. He took four players, dubbed "Butten Boys," and provided them with a noted teacher, a diet and even dashing white-and-blue uniforms. His approach was thoroughly serious, but apparently he wanted too much too soon, for the group broke up. "Butten was terribly hard on his players," a British golf expert says.

This left the get-the-cup field to a 36-year-old ex-clerk, Alfred Wilkinson, founder of the so-called golf circus and the man who hands out masks. If Ernest Butten's approach was disciplinarian, Wilkinson's is freewheeling cockney. He was born in London's tough East End and worked for an accounting company until some property investments "put a few shillings in the bank." He is bespectacled, pasty-faced, brown-eyed and says, "I've been told that I look like a contented cow but I'm a nasty cup of tea when I'm upset."

Wilkinson started to play golf about two years ago, and almost immediately began sponsoring pros by paying their tournament expenses and even giving them salaries, which he doles out in clubhouses. In return, he receives 50% of any winnings. So far he has spent more than $50,000 and gotten only a pittance back. Nor have his efforts made him popular. Officials tend to shudder when his name comes up, and Brigadier Eric Brickman, D.S.O., doughty secretary of the Royal and Ancient, says he would "rather not mention it at all." The prevailing impression is that Wilkinson has simply bought his way into the golf establishment. "One thing is certain," says a British golf authority. "He would never have been invited in."

Wilkinson's answer to all this has been to hire Weetman as the manager of his project, back him up with a well-known Scottish professional, Bill Hector, and enlarge his circus. "I'm usually upsetting somebody," he says. "I thought I might as well upset a few golfers for a change."

It was to increase his eight-man stable

A youthful Scotsman shows his follow-through but not his face during Glasgow tryout.

British Ryder Cup Captain Weetman and his boss, Alfred Wilkinson, give photographers a look at four Scottish prospects for their golf circus

that Wilkinson arranged a two-day tryout near Glasgow. It was a sensible place to go. Golf is the national sport of Scotland, and the country abounds in young boys who can play par golf, but never seem to get anywhere. One of the peculiarities of modern golf is the fact that Scotland has produced so few champions from such a huge potential.

If it was encouragement that was lacking, the young Scots received some with the arrival of Wilkinson. Thirty-six of them turned up at the 5,815-yard Clydebank and District Golf Club to show Weetman their talents. "Some were amateurs of 16 and 17, and they couldn't bust a grape," says Wilkinson. "As soon as they hit the ball—good day."

Finally, 12, including two amateurs, were offered contracts that would enable them to compete in six tournaments with all expenses paid. They would also get the periodic coaching that Weetman gives all of Wilkinson's players. If and when they show satisfactory progress they will receive a retainer. "It's got to be run on a businesslike basis," explains Wilkinson. "For Nelly's sake, I don't know whether I've got some world champions or scrubbers. Everybody thinks I'm stone crazy, but all I want to do is to see the Ryder Cup in our country, so the Americans can look at it when they visit us. Now you've got it straight from the shoulder—that's my ambition. It's just a challenge, that's all. I tell you, if we win it, and one of my boys is on the team, I will get a replica of the Ryder Cup made and send it to America with a note: 'Here you are. Have a look at the copy. We've got the original, Jack.'

"Let's face it, boy, if anybody does anything in this country, they're up in arms against you. You're going to get your head chopped off. So I thought, 'Right, son, I'm going to get my head chopped off.' I think they might take my passport away when I go up to Scotland again, don't you? They might put me in a prison. Or they might pat me on the back, but it will be with a chopper in their hand. What do some of these old fogies know, boy? They're dead from the neck up. You wait a couple of months and you'll see that we've signed some of the best. The masks will come off. Can you imagine it? They're going to be sick.

"The English people are slow to rouse. Now I've begun it. I know for a fact there will be another sponsor setting up pretty soon. It's a start, boy. We're on the way."

So there it is. The Lavender Hill Mob, the Great Train Robbery and now the Huge Cup Caper. **END**

Forward Jack Marin expertly dribbles through the UCLA defense, one of the maneuvers that repeatedly broke the press and led to quick scores

A LOST WEEKEND IN CAROLINA

UCLA crossed the country to discover in back-to-back games that Duke no longer fears the famous press, can handle it easily and will be a powerful contender for the Bruins' national championship

by FRANK DEFORD

The game ended with the ball bouncing on the floor for the last official seconds, nobody on either team caring about it anymore. By the gun, most of the players were at least pointed in the right direction for getting to the locker rooms. The UCLA players left in a daze and a hurry, as losing teams do, shuffling, eyes guarded. They paused only to receive handshakes from their conquerors, and were off.

Then the Duke players went out, hugging each other and proud the way winning teams do. Next, the referees and the managers and the Duke coach, Vic Bubas, and the assistants and trainers left. All of a sudden the only one there, way down by the Bruins' bench, was John Wooden, the UCLA coach.

Wooden acknowledged the hometown broadcasters across the court, but before heading over for an interview he noticed various artifacts his team had left behind in its embarrassed exit. He picked up a water bottle, saw three towels and collected them also. UCLA towels are very special. Each player has his own, chipped with his name tag. The towels are carefully handled when not in use, and each player receives only his own when he calls for one. During the past two years, when UCLA was the best team in the land, it also won top honors for hygiene.

Finally, John Wooden moved up to the broadcasters, and if people had looked instead of stomping in time to the Duke band they would have noticed that there were sizable red splotches of blood on the UCLA towels. There was blood on the Carolina moon.

It had been that bad. No vendetta—just two rough, hard but fair games—but in two nights in the Carolina pines UCLA had been outplayed, outshot, outdefensed, outrebounded and outhustled. When Mike Lynn, the UCLA center, was clobbered going for a rebound late in the second game, the Bruins knew that they had been outbloodied too. The scores were 82–66 in Durham and 94–75 in Charlotte.

which means that in this one lost weekend the Bruins dropped as many games against regular varsity competition as they had since 1963. (UCLA did lose other games to Olympic-trial all-star teams, and a few weeks ago it was routed

by a Los Angeles children's crusade that is headed by 7-foot-1 Lew Alcindor and goes by the name of the Brubabes, meaning UCLA freshmen. The Brubabes resemble that collection of Ohio State kids led by Jerry Lucas who won the NCAA title in their sophomore year. Next December they will entertain Duke in back-to-back games in Los Angeles.)

UCLA arrived in Durham as the No. 1 team in the land, by manifesto of the wire services. This was, however, little more than a concession to golden memories. Wooden himself admitted that it was an ersatz credit. The Bruins were still without their fine guard, Freddie Goss, who has been felled by some mysterious malady, and Gail Goodrich and Keith Erickson were gone. Goodrich and Erickson were not only All-Americas, they were absolutely typecast for the UCLA press, just about as important to the team as Laurel and Hardy were to Laurel and Hardy movies.

Goodrich and Erickson made the fabled UCLA zone press the lethal weapon that it was—Gail scrambling up front, Keith saving in the rear. Without them, Duke exposed it as no more than a nuisancy delaying action. Only six times in 75 tries in the two games did UCLA succeed in stealing the ball before the Blue Devils could clear midcourt. Only once, late in the first half of the second game, did the Bruins make it the frightening menace it used to be. Then, led by sophomore Guard Mike Warren, they forced three turnovers with the press to cut a consistently double-figure deficit to 36–33. But in two minutes Duke ran it back up to 44–37. The Blue Devils raised the margin to 16 early in the second half and settled the game. The night before, Duke had blown the game open by the half. Throughout Duke not only beat the press, but then hit the shots that quickly followed.

What Duke actually broke was not just one full-court press but four different varieties. Wooden is searching for the right press to conform to the limitations of this team, so he tried a new setup in each of the four halves. In the past two championship years he was able to pick the arrangement he thought best and stick with it for the full season.

The chief distinguishing factor in the UCLA pressing game is whether or not the individual opponent trying to throw the ball inbounds is pressed. Last year he was. The year before, the clamp came after that first pass. In the games with Duke it appeared that the new Bruins work better by contesting the inbounds pass; nevertheless, their one flurry of success, in that first half of the second game, came when they were permitting the pass in. This may be accounted for, though, by the fact that this particular press—a 2-2-1, with the middle two floating quite a bit—was better suited to picking up the Duke men slicing upcourt.

All the presses failed, because Duke was always able to locate a free man for a release pass when a trap appeared imminent. This is a tribute to the extreme coolness that the Blue Devils, and particularly Guard Steve Vacendak, exhibited under pressure. But it also showed how badly UCLA was hurt by the loss of Erickson. Edgar Lacey, a junior All-America candidate now playing Erickson's safety-man slot, made not a single steal in either game. Duke might have been too sophisticated even for Erickson. Bubas had schooled the team meticulously in attacking the press, placing as much emphasis upon the mental approach as on tactics. Fear alone has been known to help UCLA.

Bubas had sat for long sessions at the projector, watching reruns of the Duke-UCLA championship game of 1964, which UCLA won 98–83. He convinced first himself and then his team that the press had been only incidental in the defeat. Also Bubas lectured: "Any team that plays the press is going to make it work a few times in any game. Don't get upset when that happens. Expect it." He demonstrated how it was impossible for two pressers to take the ball away from any man who would, if necessary, resign himself to the lesser of two evils and settle for a jump ball instead of a lost ball. As a final fillip, the regulars ran against a UCLA press set up by the scrubs. After the first team had cracked it about 10 straight times, Assistant Coach Chuck Daly whistled things to a halt and told everyone to hold his place. He then asked the surprised regulars to observe that they had been making it all along against a six-man scrub team. (The thought that hit everyone at once was: aha, that's the way UCLA has been doing it all along.) Anyway, the regular Devils absorbed this impressive news and went right back to breaking the six-man press.

Bubas' game strategy was neither particularly complicated nor original. Forward Jack Marin's high school team had used the same ploy, and so had Duke itself against UCLA two seasons ago. But the execution by the Blue Devils was so superb that after one early foul-up in the opening game they succeeded 32 times in a row. Vacendak was the key. "It might have been a different story without him bringing it up," UCLA Assistant Coach Jerry Norman said. Vacendak would handle the inbounds pass, then usually would get the ball back from Marin or Guard Bob Verga. He had the task of finding a way upcourt. He seldom was guilty of what Bubas calls "promiscuous dribbling," and never of panic. "The main objective of the press is not just to steal the ball," Wooden said after it was all over. "Some teams get excited and, well, lose their poise. Duke," he added, smiling, "never lost its poise."

Duke used a constant but well-planned movement against the press, with players shifting to fill spots just vacated by teammates. The Blue Devils set up in a 1-2-2, Marin and Verga split to receive the ball from Vacendak, Forward Bob Riedy and Center Mike Lewis on opposite sides around midcourt. If the ball went to Verga, Marin would cut cross-court and down. (Wooden's 2-2-1 in the first half of the second game restricted this movement best.) Vacendak would then come in for the return pass, and the big man on what had become the weak side would move in and set up a screen. This hurt UCLA considerably. "The press works best," said Wooden, "if we can keep them from bringing it up the middle."

The final Duke move was for the other big man—Riedy or Lewis, whichever was still left around midcourt—to make a V-shaped run back to distract Lacey and then go up again to midcourt on the other side, where the position had just been vacated. This man turned out, almost invariably, to be the escape man, but more often than not he was not needed—Vacendak, Verga or Marin would have dribbled free. Only seven times in the first game did Duke have to go to a third pass (and never more) after getting the ball in play.

The UCLA press has not been made passé by this weekend bout against Vacendak and friends, however. The Bruin zone had already shattered Ohio State, a plodding team, and Illinois, a fast team

continued

that got tired. Particularly if Goss comes back the Bruins may still win in the West and then would need only two victories in the NCAA final round for a third straight title. How UCLA manages against slow but big and strong Kansas this Friday in Los Angeles should indicate whether the zone is especially vulnerable now or vulnerable only to clever little devils like the Blue ones.

Both Duke and UCLA set up with close-in perimeter defenses that plugged the middle and gave away the long shot. But it was no contest. Duke can shoot, and UCLA cannot. ("We can't even hit in practice," Wooden says.) In the two games Duke took one less shot but made 11 more baskets. Though Duke almost always plays tight defense from midcourt, Bubas was able to call off that tactic and sink back throughout the competition. Wooden, though, was forced into playing close defense farther out in the second game. That was of no avail either. Duke hit 45%, from outside, UCLA 34%.

Duke also ruled the boards, thanks mostly to sophomore Mike Lewis, a 6-foot-7 225-pounder who scored 16 points and had 21 rebounds (10 offensively, six of which he turned into baskets) in the Durham game. This effort demoralized UCLA as much as Vacendak's ball control. The next night Verga hit 10 for 14, Marin 10 for 15 and Riedy 6 for 10. Though the lyrics were a little different, the melody was the same as in the first dance around.

The games were played to packed houses both nights and were marred only by indications that the three Negroes from UCLA—Warren, Lacey and Kenny Washington—had been upset by crude racial taunts. If true, it was a tiny red-neck minority that shouted such epithets, though the home crowds, especially the one on the Duke campus, were extremely loud and enthusiastic.

Whatever the cause, Lacey and Washington did play atrociously in Durham, and Wooden yanked them early. He gave up wholly, it seemed, when he pulled out all of his regulars with more than 10 minutes to play and the Bruins down by 14—a deficit UCLA often has overcome. This irked many who felt that Wooden *should* have gone all the way with his best, but he protested that he was getting ready for conference play and that there was another game the next night to rest for. Also he said that his first team—Negro and white—was not playing very well.

The next night the rested Bruins hardly did better, and at the Charlotte Coliseum there were no racial cracks. Sadder, perhaps, were the cries from the stands that were aimed simply at individual UCLA players—as players, and as losers. Kenny Washington, struggling through a second bad game, was the particular target of one loudmouth. Kenny shot up Duke two years ago, and this guy had not forgotten. Washington comes from just down the road from Beaufort, S.C., and his father, other relatives and close friends were a lonely few rooting for the visitors.

Fred Washington is a Marine master sergeant with 22 years' service, and he had not seen his son play since that night two seasons ago in Kansas City against Duke. Now it was all different, and the gibes were very clear, for Master Sergeant Washington sat only 10 seats away from the fan who was letting his son have it. Fred Washington just looked straight ahead and said nothing until finally the Duke kids started chanting, "We're No. 1," and drowned out the heckler. **END**

Superiority underneath is shown by Duke's Mike Lewis. As UCLA's Ed Lacey prepares to shoot (top), Lewis still has both feet on floor. But perfectly timed leap enables him to block shot.

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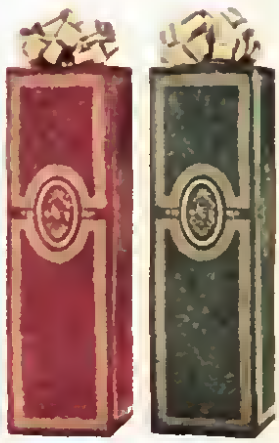

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Dodgers
32

The year was rich in excellence. Princeton's Bill Bradley astonished the nation by leading his Ivy League team to the semifinals of the NCAA basketball tournament. Gary Player won the U.S. Open to complete his career sweep of all the major golf titles. Jimmy Clark showed his total command of the racing car. Distance Runners Michel Jazy and Ron Clarke broke one world record after another. Willie Mays hit home runs, stopped fights and just missed winning the pennant for San Francisco. But beyond everyone stood Sandy Koufax, Sportsman of the Year (see cover). He overcame a depressing physical disability that manifested itself in spring training (he had to pack his elbow in ice after each game during the season) and spread-eagled baseball as he pitched the Dodgers to the world championship. Of him, baseball's Paul Richards said, 'This man has a sense of responsibility beyond gain and glory.' Jack Olsen asked the normally reticent Koufax about that sense of responsibility—the management of excellence—and got this unique interview

KOUFAX ON KOUFAX

Sandy, what's the difference between the way you manage your life and the way anybody else would manage his?

I don't do anything different. I do the things that most people do. There are times when I feel like I have an obligation not to do certain things because I'm preparing myself to pitch. But other than that my life is about as normal as I can keep it.

Yes, but you have this reputation for being awfully hard on yourself.

Maybe I am. I know sometimes people'll say, "Well, you've done everything possible, what're you gonna do next? You can't pitch a better ball game." And I say to myself, "Well, *why not*? Why can't I do more, why can't I do a better job?" There's nothing to stop me—except the hitters. You can always try to pitch a better ball game, the best you possibly can.

Sandy, I've seen you after you've pitched and you sit at your locker and you look like World War II. At this stage of your career isn't there any tendency on your part to take it a little, not to put out quite so much?

I can't. I can't. Sometimes you get enough runs and you try to take it easy and all of a sudden you're in trouble.

Yes, but you go out there and work like a guy who's expecting to be cut right after the game.

You've got to put out on every pitch. How do you know what the other pitcher's going to do? He's out there trying to get *your* team out, too. People say, doesn't it make you a better pitcher because your team doesn't score runs, doesn't that make you bear down? Well, the Dodgers score more runs than people think, but even if your ball club scores a lot of runs I don't think you can take the attitude that you can give up two or three runs and still win. You've got to say to yourself, "I don't know how many *I'm* gonna get, but if I can keep the other side from scoring any I have a lot better chance." So you put out on every pitch.

People say you're your own toughest critic.

Whatever I'm going to try to do I try to do as well as I can. In baseball, where there's no such thing as being perfect, you can always do better. If I've made a mistake, I want to be aware of it. You make a lot of mistakes in ball games. You get away with maybe

continued

NEIL LEIFER

From the batter's point of view, Sandy Koufax in full pitching motion is an awesome spectacle. Says the Pittsburgh Pirates' WillieStargell, "Hitting against him is like eating soup with a fork."

50% of them, maybe more sometimes. But when you make a mistake you can't just slough it and forget it.

What do you think drives you?

I think it's just competition. I'm the same way about everything. I want to win, and I want to do things well. And I want to be capable of doing my best. If I were to go out and get beat and then realize after the game that I got beat because of something I did the day before . . . to me, that'd be the worst way to lose. Now, if I get beat because of something I couldn't do or didn't do on the field, at least I know I gave the best I could. But if it was something that happened off the field. . . .

You mean like not getting enough sleep or running around or something like that?

Well, let's say it's hot and you want to go swimming, and you swim for an hour and all of a sudden your arms are tired, you're stiff. If I could look back at that and see how it cost me a ball game, I'd be disturbed with myself, I'd be wrong. I'd be wrong for myself and I'd be wrong for 24 other guys, because I wouldn't be capable of doing the best I can. I'd be ashamed of myself.

Nobody else would know what you'd done.

I'd know it. When I get beat, I want it to be on the field. I don't want to beat myself the day before. So I'm careful. After I pitch a game I say to myself, "Well, this is my day, my night," and I'll go out. I might go out the next night, possibly, but the third night and the night before I pitch I sort of cool it a little bit.

What else do you cool during the season?

I give up golf. I don't know whether golf hurts my pitching, but it's not worth taking the chance. Especially if you've seen me play golf. I'm not going to make a living playing golf. Two or three years ago we had an off day one Monday. I had pitched Sunday, so on Monday I went out and played golf, and then we went to San Francisco and I started a game and got knocked out in the first inning. I didn't think about the golf at the time, but about three months later I played in a Dodger golf tournament and the first time I pitched after that I tore something in my shoulder. I began to think maybe it wasn't a coincidence.

Couldn't you play golf but swing a little easier?

When you're a bad hitter like me you want to swing hard at something, so when I play golf I try to tear the cover off the ball, which is probably the worst thing I can do. So I gave golf up during the season.

Do you worry before a ball game, lose sleep?

On Thursday night I can't do anything about Friday's game. I try not to even think about it.

Are you able to handle your temper the same way? You used to have a bad temper.

I still have a bad temper, but it's something I try to control. Every year for the last four or five years, ever since I started to win, I could always think back to five or six ball games that I didn't win because I got mad out there and lost control of myself. But every year this has happened less and less. Used to be I'd be out of a ball game before I was in it. I'd get in trouble in the first two innings and I'd lose my head and try to throw harder. Then after the game I'd ask myself, "Why didn't you do this or that? Why did you insist on going with a fast ball when it wasn't a good pitch for you today?" The trouble is, you get mad at being roughed up and you start throwing instead of pitching and then you're out of the ball game.

How do you work on the temper problem?

I don't know. Mostly it's just the realization of what the problem is that helps you. You begin to understand how temper works: you start getting madder and madder and throwing harder and harder, and the harder you throw the madder you get. That's why I don't believe in giving 100% effort physically. Somewhere you've got to save just a little bit for thinking. Maybe you can give 100% physically on the last pitch of a ball game, if you've got good stuff. But if you're giving 100% all through the game, you're not thinking.

Sandy, if you bossed other people the way you boss yourself. . . .

I wouldn't. I wouldn't even try. I could never ask anybody to lead my life, but I enjoy it.

I've heard it said that you're not excited enough about the game.

I get just as excited as anybody. I guess I just don't show my emotions as much as some people.

But you've got 'em?

Sure, I've got 'em. It's your emotions that push you, the desire to be happy, to do a good job. It's my emotions that push me. But I don't get excited so that I jump around. I could never do what Lou Johnson does, yet I've gotta love Lou Johnson. To me, his enthusiasm and his excitement are part of what made the Dodgers win the pennant. I do what Lou Johnson does, but I do it inside myself. I'm happy, I feel great when I do something to help us win.

Do you like to play the game, Sandy? Or is it just a way to make a living?

I love to play. I love the game. The only problem I have is something that all pitchers go through. For three out of four days you just sit around watching and you sit there on the bench, and it's uncomfortable. Somebody gets in trouble and you'd like to be able to help but you have to sit there. Some games are dull and some games are interesting. You can get bored. But if it's dull and you're winning it's not as boring as it is when it's dull and you're losing.

But you know you have to sit there for two or three hours when you haven't got a chance to get in?

That's right, and it's a frustrating feeling. The great thing about Don Drysdale's year was he'd go to the ball park the day after he pitched and think, well, maybe I'll get a chance to pinch-hit. Then he's part of the ball game.

With your hitting that'll never happen to you.

About my hitting, the less said the better.

Well, at least you're not a joke up there anymore. It used to be like comic relief when you came up.

Yeah, and this year I had 20 hits, and I won two or three ball games with base hits. My luck just turned. I'd get two hits in a ball game, one off the end of the bat and it hurt and one off the fists and it hurt, or else three infielders would collide trying to catch one and it's hit so soft it's a base hit. Then I'd come around to score and it'd be the winning run. I remember a game against Houston when they walked the No. 8 hitter to get to me. We've got a man on second in a tie game, and I get a base hit and the ball game's over.

Did it used to make you mad to go up there and make a fool out of yourself with the bat?

Not mad so much as frustrated. But not from the hitting standpoint. From the pitching standpoint. Because there

are so many times during the year where a hit by a pitcher can win a game, and that can make a difference of four or five wins. And four or five wins can be the difference between a hell of a year and just a so-so year.

Are you bunting better?

This year I was the worst at bunting I've ever been in my life. Why I don't know.

Maybe you were afraid of getting hit on the pitching hand?

No, it's not that. It's just gotten to the point nowadays where it's so tough to bunt a man over, even if you get the bunt down. To me, the bunt has gone out of baseball a little bit because almost every ball club has got the first baseman and the third baseman down your throat. This year we were allowed to be a little bit more on our own; we could swing away if they were charging us too much. It has to be done. You can make a perfect bunt and they're right there looking at you.

Sandy, does it still bother you that people seem to expect you to get every batter out every time?

No, not as much as it used to. Although that reminds me of the first game I pitched in the World Series this year. I gave up one earned run and one unearned run in six innings. I didn't feel like I pitched well, but I didn't feel like I did that bad a job either. I've won a lot of ball games and pitched a lot worse than I did that day.

And everybody said, "Wow, they really got to Koufax!"

Yes, that's what they said. Where people make a mistake, they don't give credit to the other pitcher. Your club isn't scoring runs and they say your club can't score, they can't hit. But why doesn't somebody say the other pitcher did a better job? What beat us in Minnesota in the first two games of the World Series? Not the fact that Minnesota got to me and Don, but the fact that Kaat and Grant were better pitchers than we were on those days.

Not that you were all that bad, either.

No, but Kaat only gave up one run against me. He was the better pitcher.

Sandy, do you still keep a mental card file on batters?

Yeah, you have to. I don't try to remember *every* hitter as such, but what happens is, when you look at a hitter you almost automatically remember the times he's hurt you. You don't remember the time you had one ball and two strikes on him and nobody out and a 10-run lead and you threw a pitch and he hit a ground ball to the shortstop. But you remember the times when there were men on and he got a base hit and hurt you or the times when you've made the good pitch and gotten him out. You can't have just one pattern on a hitter, because then he'll *really* know. You've got to try to pitch them a little bit different each time up. You've got to give them credit for thinking. Everybody thinks about the pitcher standing out there and the signals and everything he does to try to fool the batter. But they never even mention the fact that the hitter is standing there with

continued

OLSEN ON KOUFAX

At 30, Sandy Koufax lives alone in a modest two-bedroom bungalow in Studio City, just over the hill from Hollywood and Beverly Hills. As much as possible, he tries to keep it private. The house is a hillside percher, and no car without a good, firm low gear is going to make it up his driveway. There are a tiny backyard and a swimming pool which may be the world's smallest, and a two-car garage stuffed with an Oldsmobile 98 and a Corvette. The house is tastefully furnished, but when Sandy shows it off he does so with a deprecatory air. He is the precise opposite of the person who accumulates possessions for the sake of displaying them. He has a few oil paintings, none of them very special, and his bookshelves hold no great surprises: *Funeral in Berlin*, *Herzog*, *Ship of Fools*, *The Bull from the Sea*, a complete Sholom Aleichem, etc. He has several TV sets, including a 24-inch color set in his living room. He has an excellent hi-fi stereo rig, and he likes to do the wiring and the paneling himself. He has built a stereo control room (about 5 by 5 feet) off his den, and in it he keeps his records (mostly musical-comedy albums), turntable, tape recorder and amplifiers. He has several speaker systems dotted around the house.

Whenever visitors tend to get gushy about the place, Sandy tries to bring them down. One of his main obsessions is with normality—the everyday nature of his tastes and his life. When he is on a date he avoids the publicized places; he is a guy with a girl, not a celebrity looking for a mention in a column. He does not even seem to want the public to be aware that he has a superb view across the whole San Fernando Valley, as though this would stamp him as being too much out of the ordinary. "Sandy, how far can you see on a clear day?" I asked him.

"On a clear day . . ." he sang.

"No, no kidding. How far can you see across the valley?"

"Oepends on what time I got home the night before. It's the valley, that's all."

"What're those mountains way over there?"

"How would I know? They're 'The Mountains,' that's all. The Catskills? I don't know."

Sandy has a lively sense of humor, and he can handle himself when he is being ragged. "Sandy," I said, "I've heard it said that you're just another pitcher, that you put your pants on one leg at a time like everybody else. Now, tell me the truth, Sandy, do you put your pants on one leg at a time?"

"No," he said. "I have a special rack in my bedroom. I'll show it to you. I balance on the bed and then . . . *jump!* It plays hell on the cuffs."

"You shouldn't have cuffs," I said. "They're out of style."

"Oh, my cuffs are on the inside, in case cuffs come back."

Sandy's house and Sandy's life and Sandy's manner are the reflection of the self-sufficiency that seems to be his outstanding characteristic. Except for a few little gewgaws, one would not know that his home belonged to the best pitcher in the business. There are no framed magazine portraits of him, and almost all the awards he has received are stowed out of sight. Only three mementos of baseball hang from the wall in his den: the two Cy Young Awards and the Most Valuable Player Award. Sandy doesn't seem to need ego support. The best pitcher in baseball knows how good he is.

a bat in his hand, and not just to swing it, either. He is thinking also. That's why you see a lot of great hitters take a strike on two strikes and no balls, or two strikes and one ball, or three and two, because they've been fooled. They've been fooled because they were looking for something else, they've been *thinking*.

If you keep pitching a man to his weakness, he can adjust and clobber you, can't he?

Sure. You can't go along in a set way. I remember a ball game against the Cardinals. I'd gotten Kenny Boyer out all night low and outside. On his last time up in the ninth inning, with a man on second in a close game, I threw a pitch in the same place and he hit a line drive into right field. Luckily it was caught and turned into a double play, but that's not the point. By throwing to the same place over and over I could have blown the game.

You were lucky, in other words?

I was lucky. I *had* to be lucky.

Do you feel there's a lot of luck in pitching?

Oh, definitely. Those line shots right at the infielder and you've got a double play. And if it's two feet to either side you lose the ball game. Luck plays a big part in baseball. Good luck is a hell of a lot better than bad luck.

Given the choice. . . ?

I'll take good luck.

Do you still have that tendency to stand on the mound till you get the sign you want, without shaking off pitches?

No, I shake. I do both. There are times when I don't want to shake.

Why?

Shaking might indicate something to the hitter.

Well, the odds are that the catcher is calling for a fast ball, right?

About 60% of the time, yes.

So if the batter sees you shake there's a slight presupposition on his part that it's a fast ball you're shaking off?

That's right. There are situations like, say, three and two on the hitter and the sign is for the fast ball and you shake. If I was the hitter, well, I'd almost have to think he's shaking away from the fast ball to the curve ball.

Because the fast ball's the natural pitch to throw on three and two?

Right. So I don't want to shake. Of course, there are other times when you shake for nothing, and times when you shake around the sign. You get the sign you want and then keep shaking till he comes back to it. You're trying to fool the hitter, so you've got to be a little bit of an actor. Maybe you're not going to specifically fool the hitter into thinking you're shaking off one certain pitch for another certain pitch. But if you can make him doubt. . . . Especially when he's got you in the hole, he might be looking for one particular pitch. If you can shake enough maybe you can make him say to himself, "Well, he's gonna throw the fast ball. But—maybe he's not! Maybe he wouldn't do it." You know, this little doubt. . . . If you can give the hitter this little doubt, it's helpful to you. So you turn to acting.

You haven't got enough going for you without having to be an actor, too?

Everybody does it. You watch catchers. They'll shake their heads no before they give you the sign. He's telling you to shake for awhile. Or he'll put down no sign and tell you to shake before he even starts giving you a sign.

It's like a game of chess.

Sure, the whole thing is you're trying to get the hitter out with a baseball, but if you can fool him before you even throw the ball you've got a better chance. Every pitcher does it.

Sandy, how do you feel when you're knocked out of the box. Are you humiliated?

It's not so much humiliation as the thought that you hadn't tried the right thing. You're in the clubhouse now and you're listening to the ball game and you can remember what you did. You think to yourself, maybe if I'd tried this, maybe if I'd gone to my curve ball more, or maybe if I'd pitched around somebody, walked somebody more or less on purpose.

Do you "pitch around" many hitters?

There are a couple of hitters in the league I'm willing to admit there are times I'm not gonna pitch to 'em. If you can avoid a .350 hitter for the .250 hitter. . . . Sometimes you're going to work very carefully to a good hitter and sometimes you even may wind up walking him. It isn't exactly an intentional pass, but you're not giving him anything good. Or sometimes you'll get behind a hitter like that and then try to come back, because that may be the best way to pitch to him, to throw what you're not expected to throw from behind. There are times to be careful, and times when you say, "Here, hit it!" You challenge the hitter. You just say, "This is my best pitch. Here, take your best shot at it." Say there are two out in the ninth inning and you've got a two-run lead and nobody on. You can't let the hitter get on if you can help it. You don't want the tying run to come to the plate. Now maybe it's three and one or three and two on the hitter. You can't walk him. You've got to make him hit it. He's liable to hit it as hard as he can and harelip somebody but maybe they'll pick it up and throw him out for you and you've been lucky. And that tying run never comes to the plate. That's a time you challenge the batter. And even if he hits it out of the park I'd still rather pitch to the next man from a windup than have a man on base and the batter still be the tying run.

How did you do against the real good hitters this year?

It's a strange thing. One year you can't get a hitter out. Next year it's easy. Two years ago I had so much trouble with Roberto Clemente it was unbelievable. And I'd gotten him out fairly well before that. Now this year I got him out fairly well, but next year he'll probably beat my brains out again. But your good hitters are going to hit you. They're not the guys you've got to get out to win. The good hitters are going to get their hits. Maybe there's two of them on a ball club and they're going to get two hits apiece. But that's only four hits! If you can keep the other men from getting on base, what the hell have you done? You've given up four hits! If you give up only three or four hits to the other batters, if you can spread them out, you've given only seven or eight hits in the ball game and generally you'll win. So it's not the real good hitters you've got to get out. It's the others. They're the ones that'll beat you.

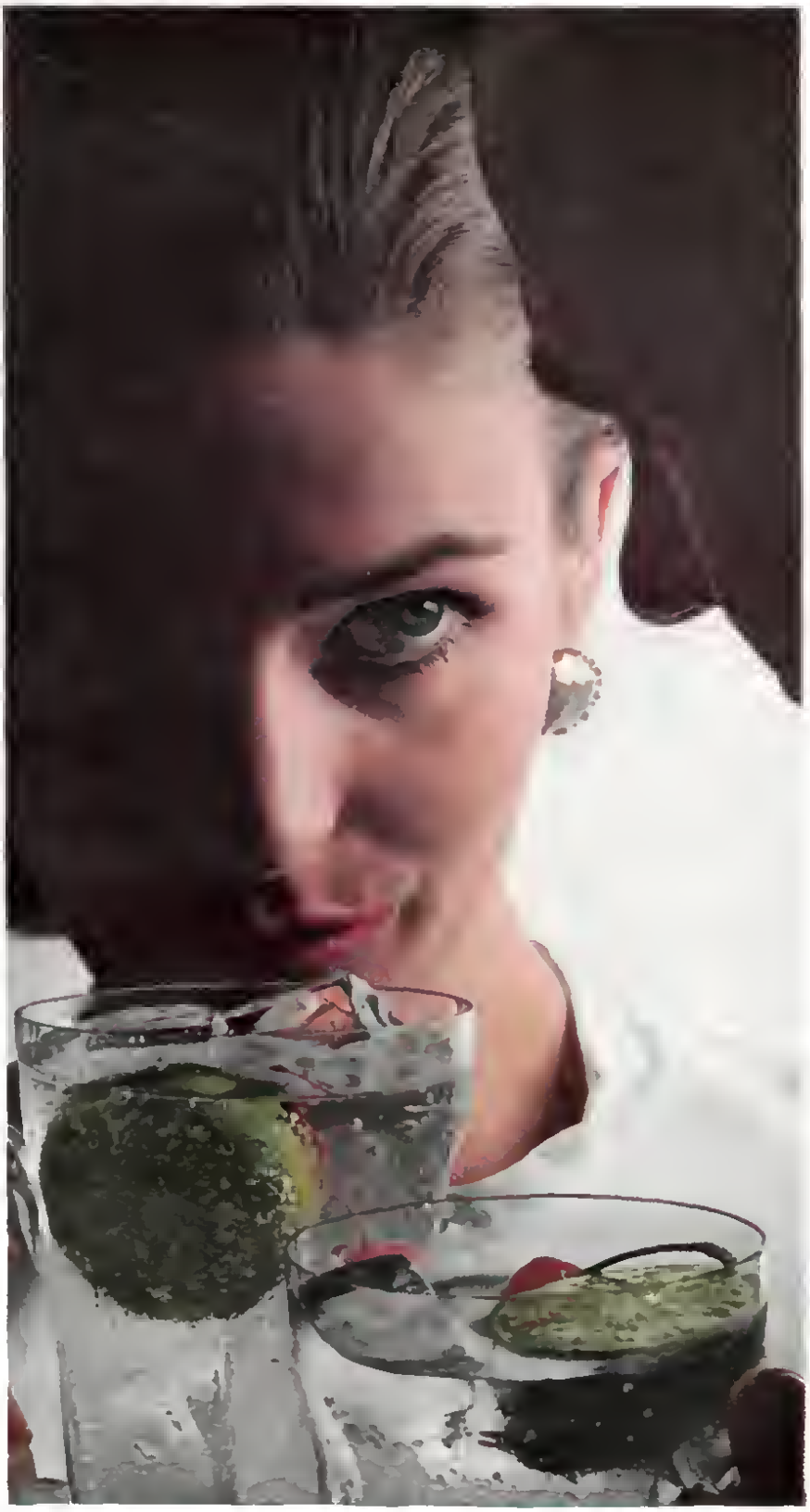
What kind of games do you get the biggest kick out of winning?

The biggest thrill is the game where you give up one or two or three runs when you don't have anything, when you have no right even being out there, no reason to be out there. Those games are the difference between having a .500 year and a really great year. You figure if you go out there 30 times, 15 times you're going to have great stuff and 15 times you're going to have mediocre stuff. If you can win a fair percentage of the games when you're medi-

continued

If you think vodka is an adult drink, wait till you taste it with Sprite, the adult mixer.

Vodka comes of age when it gets mixed up with Sprite. Tingling! Exuberant! Naturally tart for adult tastes! Add a slice of lemon or lime. And a cherry. You've got yourself a Mad Russian. Keep adding fruit, and you've got a Petrograd Punch. Intriguing! From Russia, with love.



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ocre, you're going to have a good year.

How did those oldtimers win 30 and 40 games a year?

The game's entirely different today. You can't even compare it with the game of 30, 40, 50 years ago. There's absolutely no way anybody's going to win 40-odd games these days. The biggest difference in pitching now and then is this: in those days the ball got the batter out, and nowadays the pitcher gets him out. I don't know how many balls they used in a game in those days, but I'll guarantee it wasn't more than one dozen. Today you go through seven, eight, nine dozen baseballs. You can't even get one dirty and it's gone. In the old days they used to cut 'em, use emery paper on 'em. . . .

And they were deader to begin with.

Deader to begin with, and the pitcher could do anything he wanted to the ball practically. They used to cut 'em with bottle caps, or they'd have a piece of emery paper in the pocket to scrape 'em up. So a pitcher didn't have to work as hard. The ball did a lot of the work.

Also, wasn't the traveling easier in those days? All this running back and forth from coast to coast. . . .

No, to me that's very easy. Baseball gets to be a tough job only because it's so constant. Baseball is tough. Physically there are times you're just dead. But being physically tired isn't that big an agony. And if you've won, tired is a great feeling, and you know you're going to wake up stiff but you also know you're going to get a good night's sleep. Baseball soreness isn't a bad kind of soreness. Sometimes in the winter I feel that I miss it. About the first week in February I start getting anxious to play again.

Sandy, you're just turning 30 now and pretty soon you'll be reaching the stage where a pitcher loses some of his power and starts looking for other pitches. Do you have any in mind?

Well, I already have a fork ball, but it's not really another pitch. I use it instead of a change of pace. If I have a good fast ball and a good curve ball I hesitate to use anything else. But if they're not getting me by, I try to use anything I can, including the fork ball.

What about sliders, knucklers?

I don't know if I can throw any other pitches. I used to try the slider once in a while, and some other pitches, but since I had this little problem with my elbow it seems like only my old standby pitches don't bother me. All the new stuff, like the slider or the others I used to try, it seems like they all hurt my arm.

That old sidearm pitch of yours didn't help your bad elbow, did it?

No. That's what first bothered me, and I've given up the sidearm delivery completely. I never used it much anyway, and it wasn't very important to me. But my elbow trouble isn't something that came from just a few pitches. It happened over a period of 10, 11, 12 years. It may even have started when I fell on a basketball court in high school.

I understand you don't like to discuss your physical ailments anymore. Why?

Enough has been said. The finger thing —Raynaud's Phenomenon—was in 1962. That's almost four years ago now. It hasn't bothered me since, and even that little hard spot under the skin is gone. Everything's gone. As far as I'm concerned, it's forgotten, except that it cost me half a year in baseball.

Do you get unsolicited advice on how to cure your arthritis?

Occasional letters come in. You appreciate it, but there's a lot of difference between, say, writing with arthritis and trying to throw with it. A lot of people say, "Well, those ice treatments after each game must be the worst thing in the world for your arthritis when every doctor recommends heat." Well, that may be true, but the ice isn't for the arthritis, it's for the swelling. Twenty-four hours after the ice my elbow gets a lot of heat. The ice is only for right after a game, because if the elbow stays swollen I'm in trouble, because then it's going to take a week for the swelling to get out of it. Somebody else wrote in and suggested that I rub brake fluid on my elbow.

Brake fluid?

Yeah, we get a lot like that.

Be all right if you were a car.

But all these people were sincere, they were trying to be helpful.

Did you ever feel any irrational anger at all your injuries, like "Why is all this happening to me?"

I can't. I was given this arm. If I'd been given one that didn't have arthritis and things like that I might not be able to throw as hard. I might not have the same kind of stuff. I've got to take it, take what comes. The only thing that annoyed me was the finger, because of the way it happened. I did it because I was hitting left-handed, and the only reason I was hitting left-handed was to try to keep from getting hit in the left arm. I did it out of good sense and wound up missing half a year. That was slightly aggravating. I got jammed with a pitch and the bat broke an artery. How many times a day do guys get jammed and nothing happens?

And that's when you quit hitting lefty?

Yep.

And now you're batting righty. Is that your natural way to hit?

I have no "natural" way to hit.

Your natural way to swing, then?

Nothing about my batting can be described as natural!

When you were having the miseries did you ever say to yourself, "Well, maybe this is it, maybe I'm through now?"

This spring when I was sent home with the swelling in my elbow. Early in the spring I was going great, the best ever, nothing was happening, and all of a sudden my arm was back where it was the year before.

I notice that you followed the doctor's instructions so carefully—including that awful ice bath for your arm after every start—that he was quoted someplace as saying you obeyed medical instructions better than any athlete he'd ever known. Why?

Well, I stayed in the ice because I didn't want to miss a turn. I don't know if it helped me, I don't know what it did, but I'll be damned if I was gonna try to find out. I'd have loved to have made an experiment and not used the ice and seen what happened. But, then, if it *is* the ice that's enabling me to pitch, I'm liable to miss two or three starts, and that I didn't want to do. Looking back, it was a great satisfaction to win the pennant after we lost Tommy Davis and everybody picked us for eighth, but the biggest satisfaction I got this year was not missing a start. I was supposed to open the season in New York and instead I flew back to Los Angeles with arm trouble, but I pitched in the third or fourth game of the year and I went every four days after that.

Sandy, what are your big satisfactions off the field? I remember when the cliché about you was that you only read Thomas Wolfe and Aldous Huxley. . . .

And only listened to Beethoven and Bach. . . .

And Mendelssohn.

. . . . And Mendelssohn. You know what happens? Somebody writes a story 10 years ago and it never changes. If the guy 10 years ago was wrong, the stories

continued

are gonna be wrong for 20 years afterward.

Do things like that bother you?

They used to annoy me a lot more, but now I've begun to feel they're going to be written, there's nothing I can do about it and I'm not going to worry about it. Sometimes things don't come out the way you say them. You run into one of those reporters who's more interested in the dictionary and the very good usage of the English language, and he thinks that when John Roseboro says cool it means cold. But you can't let it annoy you.

Do the photographers still respect your request not to be photographed smoking?

Most of 'em do. But usually when photographers are around I just don't smoke. I wait till they've taken their pictures.

Why?

Well, I don't know how many kids there are in this country who are smoking at 12 years of age and their mothers are saying you shouldn't do that because it's not good for you. And then they pick up a picture of me or any other athlete with a cigarette in his hand and then the kid says, "Well, if it isn't good for you, why is this man smoking?" And how much trouble is it to avoid pictures like this? It's no trouble for me and it's no trouble for a photographer.

How about drinking?

I drink. I don't drink constantly, but I enjoy a few drinks. I live a normal life. I have all the minor vices and a few of the major ones.

What else do you enjoy?

Well, I like sporting events, but I don't go to as many as I used to. Mostly I stay home and watch them on television. Then I can be comfortable, get up and get a cup of coffee, whatever I want. To my mind, color television has done more for football. It's great.

Color TV's a little hard on you, though, because it shows your heavy beard.

So? It wouldn't help, it wouldn't hurt!

Wouldn't there be a great temptation for somebody in your position to "go Hollywood"? You're living out here, you're a big hero, you must be invited to be a member of these swinging crowds, but you don't do it.

Oh, I have a lot of good friends out here. It depends on what crowd you're in and how much they're swinging.

Isn't there a temptation to do what certain other ballplayers have done, to lose a lot of time in the bright lights?

If I'd been out here when I first started, there might have been a lot more temptation.

Yes, but the way you were going in those days you wouldn't have been much of a hero.

Oh, I agree with you. But there would have been a lot more temptation for a young kid.

What about long range, Sandy? What are your goals?

Somebody asked me what's your goal, and I said I want to win as many games as I can. So right after that somebody wrote that I wanted to win more than Spahn. But I don't know if I can play 20 years like him. Spahn is a very fortunate man to be around that long.

Suppose you hit a period where your ERA goes up around 3.5 and you're winning 12 and losing 12, something like that, a journeyman everyday pitcher, how would you feel about going on then?

A lot depends on how many years it is from now. If I'm 33 or 34 years old and I feel I can't do the job as well as I'd like to, I'll probably get out. I don't want to be pushed out. It's tough to say you're going to quit when you've had a bad year. It's a lot easier to say it when you've just had your best year.

Well, I'm thinking of some pitchers in recent years who've commanded a fat salary for two or three years after they were washed up just because of their names.

That's what makes it difficult. You sit there and you say to yourself, "Who's gonna pay me this kind of money?"

Nobody's gonna pay you 100 grand to be a radio announcer.

Or whatever it is you're going to do. So when the time comes to make the decision you have to make it. But I don't want to be forced out. I don't want somebody to tell me, "Well, that's it. You're through!" I'd rather walk away when I feel I'm through.

After five or six more years of making the same money you're making now, maybe the money won't be as important to you as your record, and you'd be in a position to walk away after a good year.

Yes, but if it happened next year it'd be an awful tough decision. First of all, if it happened next year, if it looked like I was through, I'm not going to believe it! I'm going to say, "Well, it was just a bad year. Next year I'll be all right." Anyway, every athlete has one bad year somewhere around 30 years of age. I think it's a readjustment, the reflexes slip a little and you have to change. But I don't sit around and worry about the end. I can't get panicky about it, because I know it's *got* to end. Sooner or later I'll be finished. I would prefer it to be later, but if it's sooner I can't do anything about it. I'm glad I had what I had. Certain things are inevitable. From the day I got into the majors at 19 I knew that someday it was going to end.

Looking back on 11 years of it, what do you see?

Well, it's been a little bit miserable, a little bit wonderful. But you get a satisfaction when you hear the crowd and you know you've done a good job.

Are you a cap tipper?

No, I'm a peak toucher.

And when you're out in public and some little kid comes over for an autograph, is that a satisfaction?

At times it's a satisfaction and at times it's a little bit of an intrusion. You don't mind the kids. But sometimes their parents get to be . . . well, not bad about it, but they become demanding. The kids will ask, but the parents will demand sometimes. As long as somebody asks, I don't mind at all. But the ones who demand are tough on me. I've got so many bosses already I don't know if I can stand one or two more.

Do you ever sit back and say to yourself, what an amazing thing it all is, your records and your achievements, that this is happening to you, that people will be talking about you 50, 100 years from now the way they talk about Cy Young and Walter Johnson and Grover Cleveland Alexander now?

No, I never thought of it that way. I've never thought anything's happening to me.

Well, it is.

I can't picture people talking about me 50 years from now, either, and I never in my life sat down and thought about Walter Johnson or Cy Young or the other great pitchers.

Or yourself as one of them?

That's right.

And how do you feel when people say you might be the greatest pitcher that ever lived?

I never even think about it.

Never?

Never. **END**

He's the only one who flies more places than we do.

When it comes to air travel, Santa Claus is Mr. Big. United Air Lines is second.

We say, "If you can't beat him, join him."

So while he's busy flying presents to people, we help out by flying people to people.

Students coming home for the holidays.

Servicemen on Christmas leave.

Children and grandchildren.

Uncles and aunts.

Cousins by the dozens.

And so, Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good flight.

fly the friendly skies of United.

"Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus."

IN THE LAND OF THE TIGER

BY VIRGINIA KRAFT

PAINTINGS BY PHILIP HAYS

A Western sportswoman is invited on a royal shoot in the kingdom of Nepal. There, amid the high Himalayas, the Valley of Kathmandu and a forbidding jungle, she finds a wonderland whose enchantment all but transcends the thrill of the hunt itself. She arrives as balloons fly and guards stand in formal dress for a state holiday (right), has an unnerving audience with the king and then joins him for a confrontation (next page) in a circle ruled by a tiger.

The peaks of the Himalayas were silver in the morning sun. In the bright blue sky helicopters hovered like elusive humming birds, scattering thousands of rose petals upon the earth below. Great garlanded balloons rose noiselessly on puffs of smoke, trailing colored streamers through the thin, crisp air. In the distance I heard the sudden sound of trumpets. Through the gilded gates of the Tundikhel and down a pathway strewn with flowers the royal mounted guard came into sight. They rode eight abreast, a seemingly endless spectacle of scarlet tunics, sparkling scimitars and plumed helmets.

Behind them, moving slowly between twin rows of waving flags, a long black Lincoln flying the royal standard drew up to the reviewing stand. To the roll of drums and the salutes of generals, His Majesty Mahendra Bir Bikram Shah Deva, the King of Nepal, absolute monarch of the largest and only independent Himalayan kingdom, supreme ruler of one of the world's most ancient thrones, ninth sovereign of the Shah dynasty, sacred defender of the Buddhist and Hindu faiths, Man-God of the Hindus, earthly incarnation of the Supreme Being and God of Preservation, Vishnu, stepped from the car. Serious and straight-backed, he climbed red-carpeted stairs to a golden couch set high on a dais. The celebration could now begin.

It was National Day, the joyous festival of Rastriya Prajatantra Diwas, in this roof-of-the-world country. Throughout the 54,000-square-mile kingdom, from snow-swept Sherpa villages to mountain meadowlands to steaming jungles, it was a day of rejoicing and gaiety. Nowhere was the celebration more spectacular than in the city of Kathmandu. It was here, only 14 years before, that the late King Tribhuvana, supported by his 30-year-old son, Crown Prince Mahendra, triumphantly restored the Shah kings to the throne of Nepal, ending 104 years of imprisonment in their own palaces by a despotic hereditary regime of prime ministers.

So complete was Nepal's isolation from the outside world prior to 1951 that it was known for centuries as the forbidden country, a mysterious mountain kingdom sealed to all but the occasional visiting diplomat and rare mountain-climbing team. A British historian, writing before the overthrow of the Rana prime ministers, noted that in all Nepal's long history only 120 Englishmen and 10 other Westerners had ever been permitted into the Valley of Kathmandu.

Now I found myself standing in the center of this valley watching a fantastic panorama. There were bearded Sikhs, Newars and Tharus, grotesquely masked monkey gods and prancing, paint-smeared animals, bespangled warriors girdled with the manes of lions and the skins of leopards, gaudy, beaded chariots and armored tanks, stiff Gurkha soldiers and gilded goddesses resplendent upon the naked shoulders of their tribesmen. The revelers came from all parts of the country and from all periods of time, passing before me in whirling confusion, a human kaleidoscope.

Yet over the din of ancient, improbable instruments and the exotic sights my attention kept returning to the unsmiling man who, in little more than a decade, had brought this secret land from the medieval past into the complex present. I knew that since assuming the throne in 1955 he had ordered major economic and agricultural reforms, built roads where there had been none, linked East with West and the Valley of Kathmandu with the world outside, constructed bridges, dams, rudimentary communications systems, hospitals, factories and power plants. I knew that he was determined to raise Nepal's pitiful 7% literacy level so that his people might better utilize the technology and equipment of the 20th century, that he had increased the number of schools from 430 to 5,000, including 28 colleges, and that his was an unceasing struggle against poverty, disease, ignorance and superstition.

And I knew, too, that of all the many problems created by Nepal's emergence from seclusion, none was so overwhelming as the politico-geographic challenge created by Communist China on one border and India on the other. In this precarious situation Nepal has chosen that difficult and delicate course, neutrality. Thus I had become fascinated with the King of Nepal and fascinated, too, to learn that he was a sportsman, and a hunter of considerable skill. Now I was standing and

watching him, this remarkable ruler of a tiny mountain kingdom. I had entered his wonderland.

It had not been easy. There were many carefully worded letters before one came last winter bearing the raised, crimson royal seal. "By Command of His Majesty the King," it began, and that was the start of a considerable amount of royal instruction, including:

"His Majesty's programme for Big Game Hunting is scheduled sometime in the 3rd week of February. We have pleasure in inviting you to be here on the 17th February for about a fortnight so that you may also participate in our National Day celebration on the 18th before going to the big-game hunting camps."

If I doubted the fringe benefits of an invitation "By Command of His Majesty the King," I knew better even before reaching Nepal. I was due into New Delhi on a Pan American flight from Hong Kong at 4 a.m. on the 17th, to connect at 7:30 a.m. the same morning with the twice-weekly Royal Nepal Airlines flight to Kathmandu. Three and a half hours should have been ample time to make the connection, but I had been warned that the ways of Indian customs were such that it was barely time at all. Furthermore, I was carrying a rifle, which was certain to cause all kinds of delay. To further complicate things, the RNAC flight left from a different airport, necessitating not only a drive to the opposite end of the city but transfer of my rifle under bond.

"You'll be in Delhi at least a week," one optimistic friend had advised.

To make certain that I was not, I inundated the New York, Hong Kong and New Delhi offices of Pan American with cables requesting assistance. The messages got there in time, but my plane did not. We were delayed two and a half hours in Hong Kong and another hour detouring around Vietnam. It was exactly 7:35 a.m. when we landed. The next flight to Kathmandu was three days later. I was off the plane almost before the stairs were in place, and halfway across the runway before Indian customs caught up with me.

"Halt, madam!" a small dark man puffed. "You must go with the line!"

"I must find Pan American," I puffed back. "I have to make the 7:30 flight to Kathmandu."

"Impossible, madam. It is too late. Besides, you must go with the line."

"It is never too late," I shouted, outdistancing him. Men in uniforms ran toward me. They were very excited. One of them blew on a whistle. I shouted, "Pan American! Kathmandu! Pan American!" Finally I reached what looked like a cargo shed and bolted through the door. I crashed head-on into a great, fat man in a caracul cap, an Indian Sydney Greenstreet.

"Permit me, madam," he said, helping me to my feet and extending his card. "I am Nathan of Pan American. You are the guest of His Majesty?" Frantically I explained that I would not be for long if I did not get to Kathmandu that day. "Follow me," he said, brushing aside my pursuers. We raced down one corridor and along another, Nathan shouting orders. Suddenly, customs men were slapping at my bags with their chalk. "Hurry!" Nathan shouted. "Run!"

"I'm missing a big green package," I called, "my gift for His Majesty."

"Big green package," Nathan screamed into the air, snapping his fingers. A grimy young porter emerged from the crowd with the package.

"Hurry!" Nathan said again, pushing me toward an ancient station wagon parked in the street outside. We pulled away just as three men in uniforms burst from the building, yelling unintelligibly.

"Your passport! Quick!" Nathan said, slamming on the brakes. My rifle case lurched forward, hitting me in the head.

"Immigration," he explained, as the officers scribbled in my passport.

"Extraordinary," I said.

Nathan drove with a foot on the gas and a hand on the horn, recklessly weaving in and out of bicycles, trucks, people, cows and cars. At one point an overturned Mercedes bus loomed directly in our path, surrounded by a crowd of curious spectators. Without slowing, Nathan swung the car off the road, over a ditch, through a field and back on the road.

Incredibly, we made the airport by 8:15. The

plane to Nepal was still there. A contingent of Nepalese officials snapped to attention as we arrived. They greeted me effusively, escorting me aboard with much bowing. His Majesty had bid me come, and Nathan had delivered.

The flight to Kathmandu took three and a half hours, the first half of it over the monotonous gray-brown plains of northern India. Finally the ancient DC-3 began to climb, creaking and shuddering as a wall of mountains rose forbiddingly. Their barren slopes were as dull and colorless in the morning light as the plains we had just passed. Then the plane crested the topmost ridge. There, spread spectacularly before us between towering walls of snow, lay the glorious, green Valley of Kathmandu. It is an outrageous cliché to describe it as Shangri-La, but that is the first impression, and I defy you to have a different one. You are caught in the grip of unreality, and you do not escape until once again you fly over these mountains, this time bound for home.

When I stepped from the plane I entered into a world pervaded by an atmosphere of enchantment. There were the meticulously terraced fields and frothy gardens, the hundreds of temples with ornate, erotic carvings, the emaciated cows that roam the streets, doomed to a natural, lingering death because, like the monkeys, they are sacred, and the gilded statues and gold-roofed pagodas.

The diminutiveness of the Nepalese people enhanced the chimerical quality of the atmosphere. At 5 feet 4 inches I felt like a giant. Nor could I accurately judge age. Invariably a little girl who looked 5 was 15, and the one who looked 15 turned out to be her grandmother.

I was driven from the airport to Sital Niwas, the royal guesthouse where I would stay while in the city of Kathmandu. Sital Niwas was enormous. Three stories high, it was built of pink stone and had marble columns, balconies, terraces and turrets. Inside there must have been 200 rooms. I was led up a great, curving staircase to a landing decorated with elegant Persian carpeting and crystal chandeliers, then past dozens of closed, carved doors. We continued down a long hall hung with portraits of princes, prime ministers and matriarchs, and at last came to a huge doorway, across which hung a tapestry. Alongside it a small white card set in a gold frame bore my name.

Outside the door a collection of tiny men in identical Nepalese dress stood by expectantly as Mr. Rimal, His Majesty's Director of Hospitality, showed me my room. It was about 40 by 20 feet with a bath at least half that size. The ceilings were high and ornately carved. French windows opened onto a balcony above a courtyard brilliant with pink and orange blossoms. In one corner of the room there was a canopied bed; in another, a brocaded couch, armchairs and several small tables set with fresh flowers. The building was not heated, but a portable electric unit was already attacking the chill. The equerries bustled about patting pillows, distributing seven pieces of luggage, opening and closing shutters and generally getting in each other's way.

"They are at your command, madam," Mr. Rimal said, and indeed they were. Whenever I stirred, no matter the time of day or night, one or another of the faithful was there.

"Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth of England and the Duke of Edinburgh stayed there," said Mr. Rimal, pointing to a row of windows directly opposite mine across the courtyard. "But now you must have lunch."

We traveled down the hall for another block or two, then turned into what I assumed was the dining room for the entire guesthouse. It proved to be merely the dining room for my suite. It was about twice the length of my bedroom. Down the center was a table that could seat 100. There was a single place set at one end. I was evidently eating alone. A column of little men appeared from behind a tapestry screen. They marched in step down the length of the table, each holding a covered china tureen at shoulder height. I expected four-and-twenty blackbirds to fly into the air. Instead there were several meats, four vegetable dishes, a variety of raw greens, two kinds of potatoes and three kinds of rice. I accepted a little of each to offend no one. Calories were obviously not going to count. The troops were expressionless as they served the dishes. I waited until the last disappeared behind the tapestry, then

contemplated the forks. I shut my eyes and chose one, clumsily knocking another to the floor. The sound reverberated. One of the waiters popped from behind the tapestry and vanished again, doubtless to report my disgrace. Systematically, I worked through forks and feed. Every bite echoed. The instant I finished, my army returned. It brought fresh china and cutlery, and the second course. I was learning about Nepal hospitality.

Beginning with the National Day parade on the afternoon following my arrival, the next few days were filled with receptions, cultural shows, banquets, official presentations and formal and informal festivities. Each necessitated a different outfit and a scramble back to Sital Niwas to effect the change. Rarely did the day's "programme" allow time for such intermissions. Things were further complicated by the heavy traffic through my room. The custom at the guesthouse when anyone wanted to deliver a message, pay a visit or make a bed was simply to rap once and walk right in. Since I was unable to lock the door on the inside—although one of my men loyally sealed it on the outside with a giant padlock whenever I went out—I found myself diving for cover fairly regularly.

A member of His Majesty's Foreign Service was assigned as my official escort in Kathmandu. His name was Mr. Gaywaly, and he insisted on calling me "madam, my most precious charge," which suggests that he had chosen the right profession. Besides being good for my ego, Mr. Gaywaly proved invaluable at unraveling the names, titles and relationships of the countless ministers and dignitaries I met.

His Majesty the King was present at many of the week's festivities, but he remained the one man I did not meet, since this was to be accomplished at a formal presentation. My audience with the King was the subject of considerable advance concern. Half a dozen palace officials stopped by to confirm the time, the date, the place—and then reconfirm everything at least twice more. On the appointed day I succeeded in dressing only by barricading myself in the bathroom. I emerged to find Mr. Gaywaly, three palace directors, my driver, a standby driver in case something happened to the first driver, two soldiers and most of the servants pacing around my room. They made no effort to mask their inspection of what I was wearing. Evidently the black Italian-silk suit with pearls, mink stole and tiny veil were suitable. We left, in force, for the palace. I was Dorothy about to meet the Wizard.

The royal family lives, not in the 1,500-room Singha Durbar, once the palace of the Rana prime ministers and at that time the largest private dwelling in the world, but in a smaller palace located midway between Sital Niwas and Durbar Square in the center of Kathmandu. It is small only in relation to Singha Durbar. Imposing stone walls surround the palace and its various substructures. Semitropical gardens line either side of a long, curving drive to the main residence. I was shown into a royal waiting room where several more palace directors checked their watches. They, like Mr. Gaywaly, were in formal dress. This differs from regular Nepalese attire only in that the usual jodhpurs and tunic are white and the jacket and topi are black.

The audience was scheduled to begin at 7:30 p.m. and last for half an hour. We had at least 15 minutes still to wait. His Majesty's Principal Private Secretary, Mr. Bhandary, directed me to a chair. The others sat down stiffly, staring straight ahead. Nobody spoke.

"The audience is at 7:30?" I ventured.

"At 7:30," the secretary said. Everybody again checked watches.

"I have a gift for His Majesty," I said.

The secretary looked suspiciously at the large mahogany box I held on my lap. Silence.

"It is a shell box," I said, rather frantically.

"A shell box," the secretary said. Everybody nodded.

"For ammunition," I added, weakly.

It was my turn to look at my watch. Everybody looked at watches. Ten minutes to go. It had started to rain, and I counted the drops splashing on the marble walk outside. Mr. Gaywaly did not seem well. He appeared to have gotten smaller, and he was very pale. I tried to remember if I had brought along a handkerchief. I found

that I had. Without warning, the Principal Private Secretary stood up. I shifted the box and stood up too. My white kid gloves, which I had put on and taken off a dozen times, fell to the floor. The men looked at them with strange, blank expressions, as if they were alive. Nobody moved. I reached down to retrieve them myself just as four men did the same. Our heads came together at knee level. Everybody apologized at once. Mr. Bhandary watched, saying nothing. Finally he nodded.

"Now?" I said. He nodded again.

Clutching the big box, I walked ahead of him down a marble hall to a pair of large double doors. He nodded toward the doors. I was on my own. It was exactly 7:30.

I stepped inside and stood uncertainly in a long, rectangular room. In the dim light, the deep carpeting and heavy furniture had a wine-red glow. Lion and tiger heads glared from darkened corners. The antlers of spotted and sambar deer cast intricate shadows on the carved ceiling. Partway up a tapestried wall, a leopard crouched on a projecting rock, its body tensed as if to spring. In the middle of the room, seated alone on a crimson couch, was His Majesty the King of Nepal.

He rose and stepped toward me, his hand outstretched. Awkwardly I shifted the big box and fumbled to remove the accursed gloves. His Majesty waited. There was a hint of humor in his usually serious, dark eyes. Finally we shook hands and he directed me to an armchair. He smiled warmly. The tension of the preceding minutes vanished. From that moment on I was thoroughly at ease with the King of Nepal.

The conversation skipped swiftly about, ranging across politics, art, music and medicine, the challenges of today and the hopes for tomorrow. But it always returned to hunting, the sport that is surely His Majesty's favorite. He was delighted with the shell box, fingering its mahogany grain with appreciation and meticulously inspecting it inside and out. Eventually we were joined by

The exotic architecture of his realm is the backdrop as the King of Nepal is portrayed with the author.

Her Majesty the Queen, who arrived so silently I did not hear her enter the room. She looked fragile and lovely in a filmy beige sari accented by an elegantly brocaded stole. Her shining black hair was drawn into a chignon. On her forehead she wore the small vermilion symbol of Hindu devotion. The Queen was accompanied by His Royal Highness the Crown Prince Birendra, a handsome 20-year-old just returned from Eton. In contrast to the King's tan jodhpurs and tunic, the Prince wore continental flannels and a sports jacket.

We talked at length of Africa and of Alaska, where His Majesty wants very much to hunt *brown bear, of other hunting and other game,* of children, of Siamese cats, of the relative merits of stallions and geldings and even of smoking and cancer. The Crown Prince, who does not smoke, said that the royal physician considered smoking of no danger to the Nepalese because there had been only two cases of any type of cancer in the entire country. The King interrupted to say that the doctor smoked at least 100 cigarettes a day, which might warp his professional judgment.

Finally, we talked of the upcoming shikar, the hunt.

"You will see much game," the King said.

"Leopards, Your Majesty?" I asked.

"Some, perhaps, but they are rare. That one," the King said, looking at the handsome spotted cat above us, "was shot by Her Majesty, here in the Valley of Kathmandu. The leopard would come out of the forest to eat the small deer. Her Majesty waited many evenings for it near the place where it fed. She was very patient. When finally it came again to that place, she took it with a single shot." He smiled fondly at the Queen.

"We shall travel far from the Valley of Kathmandu," the King added. "We go to the home of the tiger, to the Terai, where the big cats live. There you will see many tigers. They grow large and strong, and they are seldom hunted."

With that His Majesty leaned forward and touched a button on the coffee table before him. His Principal Private Secretary leaped through the door, bowed to the floor and presented the King with two parchment envelopes. Then, still bowing low, he backed from the room.

The King handed the envelopes to me. My name was written in script beneath the royal seal. "The program for the shikar," His Majesty said. "You will leave for the big-game camps on the day following tomorrow." The royal astrologers had finally set the date for the shoot to begin.

It was 9 p.m. when we shook hands all around and, in the manner of Mr. Bhandary, I backed from the room, praying that I would not trip en route. I stumbled through the door into the arms of my troops. They had undergone a drastic change of mood. No longer somber, they *completely surrounded me, grinning, nodding* and pumping my hand. Mr. Gaywaly looked happiest of all.

"Madam, I am so proud," he said. "Your audience was scheduled for one-half hour, a gracious period. But you were with His Majesty the King for one hour and a half. It is a triumph for your country and for mine."

Mr. Gaywaly's enthusiasm extended all the way to Sital Niwas, where the staff turned out in force to welcome me. I had asked for a light supper in my room and found chicken, pork, venison, a curry, several vegetables, two cheeses and a variety of fresh fruit awaiting me. The director of protocol insisted I celebrate with a small drink, and I agreed to a brandy. Instantly, a little man appeared with an unopened bottle of Hennessy on a silver tray.

When my fans finally left and the feast had been sampled, I sat back on the brocaded couch to sip the brandy and think over the remarkable meeting with the royal family. I wondered again if this were all really happening. Surely it must be a dream. It turned out to be only a prelude to the fantasia ahead.

There were great crowds of soldiers, dignitaries, ministers, spectators and musicians at the airport two days later when I boarded the King's private plane for the flight to the big-game camp. Their Majesties had left Kathmandu the previous day to attend a state function, but His Royal Highness the Crown Prince was to be on the flight, along with one of His Majesty's two younger

brothers, Prince Himalaya, the Prince's wife, Princess Princep, and Ambassador and Mrs. Wilhelm Löer of West Germany.

RF1 (for Royal Flight 1) was a twin-engined Ilyushin, a gift of the Russian government to His Majesty. Inside, it was divided into a forward and after cabin, each lavishly carpeted in Persian rugs and furnished with couches and armchairs decorated in blue and gold. I was shown to a couch in the front cabin where, the Crown Prince said, I would have the best view of the mountains. A steward passed candy, gum, cloves and pieces of dried ginger. Another served cold beer.

It was a perfect morning. The sky was clear and blue. On our right the spectacular Annapurnas stretched to the Tibetan border in a burst of sparkling spires. Beneath us the valley lay lush with foliage. Presently we climbed above the rim of snowcapped mountains and began a long, slow descent into the area called the Terai. This is the lowland of Nepal, a fertile, tropical plain barely 500 feet above sea level that begins in the foothills of the Siwalik and Churia ranges of the Himalayas and runs to the border of India, thus extending along the southern portion of Nepal for almost its entire 500-mile length. Here, within sight of the snow, are steaming jungles, dense forests and endless stands of tall grass.

In July and August, when the monsoon turns the Terai into a gigantic breeding ground for the anopheles mosquito, malaria stalks the region like a man-eater. But in the spring, before the rivers overflow their banks and the wild game is scattered by the floods, the Terai is one of the richest hunting grounds left in the world.

Great herds of handsome spotted chitals graze in its fields. Barking deer and hog deer tiptoe through scrub jungle. Heavy-antlered barasingha stags feed in the swamps and wild buffalo snort in the marsh. The great Indian one-horned rhinoceros survives here, protected now after centuries of slaughter for the mysterious medicinal properties attributed to its horn of agglutinated hair. The sound of wild elephants trumpeting is still heard in the forests. Along the edges of small villages, leopards prowl the shadows, and when darkness comes the tiger hunts the Terai.

We landed on a dirt strip at Dhangarhi in the southwest of this country and transferred to a helicopter for the final 20-minute flight to camp. Our baggage, which had followed us from Kathmandu on RF2, a DC-3, was transferred to a second helicopter waiting nearby. Like RF1, the helicopters were gifts of the Russian government. For the latter the U.S.S.R. had provided Russian crews as well.

We flew low over the treetops, spooking an occasional cow as our rotors stirred the long grass. Suddenly a clearing appeared on the horizon. In it were dozens of white squares that looked like sugar cubes scattered on a picnic mat. As we drew closer I could see that they were tents—easily more than 100—spread over several acres of manicured land. The helicopter set down inside a square marked off by ropes. Hundreds of dark-skinned Tharu natives, their ears, noses, necks and costumes adangle with silver coins, pushed against the ropes. They offered what looked like tiny orange orchids to the Crown Prince as he passed. A double column of soldiers presented arms as we walked along a pathway lined with painted bricks, bright flowers and hundreds of red, yellow and blue flags. At the high canvas walls of the largest of several compounds, twin sentries snapped to attention, stamping their feet in intricate steps as we entered. Inside, in an airy summerhouse of rattan and bamboo set at one end of a spacious green lawn, the King and Queen rose to welcome us. The King, no longer in Nepalese dress, was wearing flannel slacks and a sport shirt open at the throat. His head was bare. In this setting he looked more relaxed and much younger than I had remembered him in Kathmandu. His greeting was warm as he shook my hand. "I have a tiger waiting for you," he said. "But first we shall have lunch. It would be better if you changed for the hunt now so that we may leave immediately after we dine. The tiger grows impatient if it is made to wait too long."

A chubby young officer, who turned out to be Colonel Rana, the Queen's brother, escorted me to a neighboring walled compound. It, too, was guarded by sentries. We entered and crossed a broad lawn to a large square tent. Fresh clusters of

spring flowers were planted at each tent stake. A carpeted, canopied porch at the front of the tent held a table and two chairs. Two Nepalese boys in white uniforms and scarlet sashes lifted the mosquito netting at the door. The inside was very unlenthke. It was about 20feet square. The floors were spread wall to wall with several thicknesses of Persian rugs. There were fresh flowers, cigarettes, another unopened bottle of Hennessy, a silver thermos of ice water and a large bowl of fruit on a coffee table between lounge chairs. A full-size bed was buried in blankets, and at its head there was a second table equipped with an adjustable reading light. The hum of a generator indicated that candles were strictly for atmosphere. Connected to this sleeping tent by a rear door was an adjoining one about half the size. This too was deeply carpeted. On one side were racks for my clothing and suiteases, on the other a vanity table complete with large mirror and makeup lights. Behind the dressing tent, across a grassy backyard, there were two more tents. The first contained a large galvanized tub, a washstand, canvas flooring, a filtered water tank, racks and racks of towels, soaps, more mirrors and buckets of hot water, which seemed always full and steaming. The other tent was definitely in the royal tradition. It contained a silver bucket discreetly concealed in a massive mahogany throne.

Lunch was served in Their Majesties' private dining tent by a dozen men in black jackets and white gloves. There were many courses, beginning with a chilled chicken madrilène and a delicate native fish. Except for the occasional clink of silver against china, nobody made a sound. "Why is everyone so quiet?" His Majesty asked, looking at the ambassador and me. "This is not a diplomatic function, and we are not now in Kathmandu. This is a hunting party. Let us relax and enjoy the sport." The remainder of the lunch passed swiftly as we speculated on the afternoon's shoot. There had been three baits set out the night before, and all had been taken. There was certain to be a tiger resting nearby after his free meal, His Majesty said. The elephants we would ride during the hunt were already in the vicinity. It would take two hours to reach them by jeep, but we could be there in 10 minutes by helicopter.

It was 3 in the afternoon when we boarded the helicopter. The entire hunting party was wearing African bush outfits and broad-brimmed felt hats, including the Queen, whose hair hung loose on her shoulders. She looked very young and pretty. They all wore large, dark sunglasses and rarely took them off. I put on my own.

The helicopter set us down in a clearing where a column of Land Rovers and closed trucks waited. What seemed like a battalion of soldiers stood at attention. Small clusters of natives, many holding babies, waited for a glimpse of the King and Queen, undaunted by sheets of dust blown at them by the rotors.

For most, it was their first sight of Nepal's rulers or of anyone from the world outside. Prior to the shikar, this part of the Terai, like many other areas in Nepal, had been accessible from Kathmandu only by foot over treacherous terrain. To open it for our arrival, more than 1,100 natives had spent two months clearing jungle and forest, burning brush and hacking out trails and landing strips. The natives watched, fascinated, as His Majesty got into the front seat of the lead jeep, followed by his constant attendant, General Molla. Prince Himalaya and Ambassador Löer sat in back. Her Majesty climbed into the second jeep and motioned me to sit beside her. Mrs. Löer and the wife of the commander in chief of the Nepalese army, an attractive Kashmiri named Ram who wore a diamond in her left nostril, sat in back. Princess Princep, who looked about the size of my tent in her bush suit, hoisted her girth with remarkable grace into the seat I shared with the Queen.

The princess, doing credit to the old wives' tale, was as jolly as she was fat. When I expressed some concern about riding the elephants, she urged me not to worry. "When you see *me* on top of an elephant," she said, "you will know that anyone can ride such an animal." The princess was probably in her early 30s, a few years younger than the Queen. They were closer friends than just sisters-in-law, forever exchanging both confidences and candies. Unlike the princess, the Queen seemed impervious to the calories. On the

long drives back to camp after a day's shoot, the two would giggle, joke and gossip, and sometimes sing in sweet, soft voices.

There were at least two dozen jeeps in our caravan. We hounced along a rough trail in single file, slowed first by children, cattle and assorted livestock that ran alongside and in front of us, then by an apparent breakdown in strategic shikari liaison. We could not locate the elephants. Half the Nepalese army scanned the horizon futilely for some sign of the beasts that were to transport us to the tiger. There was considerable discussion among the ranking officers. Generals blamed colonels. Colonels blamed lieutenants. Lieutenants blamed privates. Everybody seemed embarrassed. The Queen and the princess produced sweets and nuts to help us through the delay. A steward appeared with a thermos of coffee. His Majesty got out and stood on the running board of his jeep, searching the distant fields. The Crown Prince, who was riding with us, studied a rough map he had of the area, checked the sun against his watch and decided the elephants must be directly to our right. Everybody looked in that direction until finally we made out a faint cloud of dust. With much backing up and turning around, the caravan cut across the fields, through the woods and out into another clearing. There, in a confusion of great gray legs and trunks that crowded the clearing like trees in a forest, were six dozen milling, shuffling, swaying elephants.

The Indian elephant may be smaller than the African, but when viewed from the ground the difference is negligible. They all look gigantic to me. I backed away from one and bumped into another. There were elephants everywhere. It was all very disconcerting. Some were getting down on their knees. Others were in the process of standing up again. Trunks waved in every direction, and the noise they made was hardly reassuring. Drivers in gold turbans rappelled up and down tails and balanced dizzily on rumps. Others perched behind the elephants' ears, brandishing what appeared to be grappling hooks attached to broomsticks.

To my astonishment, most of the elephants were wearing saddles, a fact as unsettling as the animals' size. I had expected to ride in one of those secure-looking little boxes and crossed my fingers that the elephant I saw with a howdah strapped to its back was for me. Taking no chances, I sidled among the legs over to where a mahout was holding a stepladder against the elephant's side. Ram and Mrs. Löer got there first. They were already halfway up to the howdah when I heard His Majesty call.

"Miss Virginia," he said. "Your elephant is over here."

I had been afraid of that.

The beast that was to be mine dropped ponderously to its side and shoved a rear leg at me. The gesture looked decidedly unfriendly. I tested the wrinkled shin with one foot. The elephant did not seem to mind. With definite misgivings, I scaled the huge, flabby hip and climbed gingerly into the saddle. There were no stirrups. The seat resembled a broad leather cushion, very smooth and slippery. The instant I touched it, the elephant got up. It was a two-part operation. First it straightened its front legs so that it was more or less sitting upright on its haunches. I immediately slid backwards and almost off the saddle. As I struggled to regain my balance and still hang on to my gear, the creature straightened its hind legs and brought its rump up with a bump. I was thrust abruptly forward, this time almost taking the mahout with me. He cracked the elephant on the head with his grappling hook and the beast lurched to one side. I slid halfway off the other, grabbing desperately for the saddle. I decided to let one of the multitudes carry my rifle until we reached our destination.

By this time everybody was astride. The King had bounded onto the back of his elephant like a sprinter and was sitting cross-legged on a blue cushion, his rifle across his knees. The Queen looked regal on her mount and even Princess Princep, munching a piece of peanut brittle, appeared perfectly at ease. Only Ambassador Loer, who was also green in the saddle, seemed as unnerved as I. We exchanged uneasy grins. When the elephants started to move, all four legs seemed to operate independently, so that the several parts

between swayed sideways and forward and up and down all at the same time. My legs stuck out in the air as if I were doing a split, and the saddle was much too wide to provide any kind of purchase. When the elephant picked up speed it was like trying to keep balanced on a slick deck while running an inlet in a storm.

Prince Himalaya rumbled up alongside to tell me that my elephant's name was Narancolia. "She is one of our best elephants," he said. "Very steady. You will never have to worry when the tiger is near that she will run away with you or go wild like some of the others."

My immediate worries had not gotten that far, but it was nice to know that I was riding a gentle beast. "One caution, though," the prince added. "Do not fall off. Even the steadiest elephant reacts instinctively when something drops from its back to the ground. It thinks it has been attacked and will instantly lash back with its trunk to crush the attacker." How nice.

We were now in open country. Two shikaris rode ahead of the procession to guide us to the tiger. My elephant was third. Directly behind me was the King. The elephants moved single file through the tall yellow grass, strung out in an enormous chain like a giant circus parade. They were decorated with red and blue and yellow paint, and each carried, in addition to its passenger, two mahouts in brilliant turbans. One rode at the elephant's head, his toes behind its ears to direct it. The other stood on the elephant's back, controlling its speed by digging his toes into the animal's flank. In my efforts to get a leghold on the slippery saddle, I apparently uncovered some additional sensitive spots. Periodically the elephant lurched ahead without warning.

We crossed a narrow river, the water up to the elephant's knees, and lumbered up onto the opposite bank. I turned to watch the others, spellbound by the spectacle. Elephants were strung along the horizon. The afternoon sun had turned the grass to gold, and in the distance the snow-covered peaks stood against the sky. "It is not a sight that will be seen often again," His Majesty said, stopping beside me. "Everything changes. The princes of India once had such herds, but now the princes are no more and their herds have long been scattered. This is the last great elephant herd, and it, too, grows smaller each year. At the end of the century, when the princes and kings of England came on shikar here, the royal elephants numbered several hundred. There are less than 80 today. We do not find replacements in the forests now as we did long ago. Even the forests are less."

"And the tigers?" I asked.

"They are still plentiful," the King said. "Especially in the west of Nepal. Here food for them is so abundant that there is rarely a man-eater. Even an old, weak tiger can find something to eat besides people in this part of the Terai. Only man is their enemy and he seldom hunts them, so the tigers here grow old and fat. You will see."

We came at last to the place where the tiger was believed to be resting. It had eaten well and doubtless slept somewhere nearby. The shikaris had strung a long white sheet about four feet high around the entire area in which the tiger might be, forming a circle almost a mile across. A few elephants already stood just outside the circle. The elephants in our caravan joined them, fanning out so that they completely ringed the cloth circle. The tall grass at one end of the circle had been trampled down in patches. Outside it, three very large elephants stood together. Each had a high wicker howdah on its back.

"They are the shooting elephants," His Majesty said. "They are much taller than the others, to permit a better view into the high grass. They provide good shooting platforms, but they are not good to ride. They do not move quickly and smoothly like the smaller animals."

The King's transportation elephant stopped alongside the largest of the three shooting elephants. He deftly transferred from one to the

Outside the high, white tents of the hunting camp, a bullock team specially decorated for a festival is readied to give members of the royal party a cart ride.

other, swinging nimbly over the side of the much higher howdah. He moved with the graceful coordination of an athlete. His Majesty then turned and nodded at me. I looked at him blankly. "It is all right," General Molla said. "His Majesty wishes you to shoot with him. Just stand up on your saddle and step over."

His Majesty reached down and helped me into the forward part of the howdah. General Molla climbed into the back. It was a three-seater. The front was about rib height, dropping away at the sides and back to just below the waist. It was partitioned to form a small single bench in back and a wider, double bench in front. There was just enough room for two not very large people to stand or sit shoulder to shoulder. The interior was leather-padded and fitted with holders for shells, glasses, rifles and other hunting equipment. His Majesty's mahouts, both on this and on the smaller elephant, were the only ones who wore special turbans and sashes. The Queen and the three other women transferred to the second howdah. The two princes and the ambassador climbed into the third. We all faced the cleared end of the circle, about a dozen feet apart.

There were five medium size elephants inside the circle. They were the attack, or ring, elephants, the bravest bulls of the herd. Their job was to quarter the grass like a team of spaniels, flushing the tiger toward us. They began at the far side of the circle, working systematically forward, trunks swinging from side to side as they moved.

"Your rifle is loaded?" His Majesty asked.

"The magazine, not the chamber," I replied.

"The chamber is better," the King said. "The tiger will come very fast."

"Do they know there is a tiger in the circle?"

"They know it is very likely. The tiger does not usually travel far after a big meal. They could see the direction of its tracks, and they made the circle wide enough to include all the places where it might have stopped to sleep."

"Wouldn't the shikaris scare off the tiger when they put up the ring?"

"They were on elephants," His Majesty explained. "The tiger is accustomed to elephants. When it is full and drowsy and lazy it pays no attention to other creatures that live in the jungle."

Just then one of the attack elephants thrust its trunk forward. The ends of it quivered like fingers moving inside a mitten. The others stopped to test the air. The riders urged them forward. There was a roar. The elephants trumpeted and scurried back, colliding with each other.

"The tiger is there," His Majesty said.

The elephants moved forward again, more cautiously now. Again they trumpeted and jumped back, scattering. Two galloped off to the right, another to the left. The drivers hit them on the head with sticks and what appeared to be metal axes. They shouted encouragement and epithets. It was impossible to see the tiger in the tall grass, but every few minutes an elephant would bellow and charge off, indicating that it had come close to the tiger or vice versa.

Finally I got a glimpse of it. It stopped for a moment at the edge of the clearing, not more than 50 yards away. It was barely visible in the high grass. I could just see its faint outline, turned broadside as if it were looking in our direction. The King did not move, so I did not. Then the tiger was gone.

"Did you see it?" His Majesty asked.

I nodded and asked why he had not fired. He said he wanted to see if it were male or female, large or small.

"It is a very large male," he added. "Please shoot when you see it again."

At that instant the tiger burst into the clearing to our right, did a somersault at the ring and vanished back into the high grass. Men up and down the line shouted and banged on pieces of metal and wood. It happened so fast that all I saw was a streak of orange moving at such speed that it was gone before the impression fully registered.

"You see, the tiger is very fast." His Majesty seemed amused by my amazement. "Sometimes it jumps the ring and is gone. The cloth cannot hold the tiger if it wishes to escape. It can only surprise it into turning, as this fellow did. But even with the cloth there is seldom time for more than a snap shot. It is not so simple as one might think to shoot a tiger."

The ring elephants continued to quarter the circle, growing more disorganized each time they encountered the tiger. They were totally scattered now, bellowing and trumpeting first from one side of the ring and then the other. The riders matched the animals' noise, their shouts answered by the men on the outer circle of elephants. Natives were arriving from all over to watch. They filled the nearby branches like ornaments on a Christmas tree. An attendant on a half-grown elephant moved among the howdahs passing candy and soft drinks.

More than an hour passed before we again saw the tiger. Then as before, an orange streak flashed briefly through the grass. His Majesty leaned forward, as if not certain of what he had seen.

"Tigress," he said.

This explained the confusion of the elephants in the ring. They had put up not one, but two tigers. They were chasing first one, then the other, and sometimes both at once.

Suddenly the King pointed ahead and to his right. "It is there," he whispered. "Do you see it?"

I could see nothing but grass.

"There," he said again. The sun was on the horizon, and the light was failing fast. If there was a tiger, it was invisible to me.

"Please do not wait, Your Majesty," I said. "I cannot see the tiger."

His Majesty raised his rifle and fired. There was a snarl, then an angry hiss. A channel of grass quivered and was still.

The ring elephants moved in toward the spot, flattening the grass before them with their trunks. Something orange hurtled through the air at the lead bull. The elephant screamed and spun on its hind legs, remarkably agile for its size. The other elephants backed off, then began moving in again. They stopped abruptly, trunks extended. One of the men pointed into the grass. The commander in chief borrowed the King's rifle and moved in slowly ahead of the other elephants. Then, leaning out to one side, he fired. We heard the dull thwack as the *coup de grâce* struck home.

I congratulated the King on his shot. Even in good light it would have been a difficult one. He was disappointed that I had not seen the tiger, because he had wanted me to shoot the first one. "I myself could see only a tiny white patch of its face," he explained. "It was not a good target. Tomorrow we shall find you a better one."

It was almost dark when we reached the jeeps. Stewards had set up a table of sandwiches, cold meats, fruits, sweets and a variety of drinks. We stood in a circle around the food, talking of the afternoon's adventure. The trappings were new, but the mood was familiar. It might have been the end of a hunt in Montana or Georgia or Michigan, except for the distant shapes of elephants silhouetted against the evening sky and the sound of native drums from a far hill.

We returned to camp by jeep. The night was filled with stars and jungle noises. It was surprisingly cool after the 85° heat at midday. Temperatures in the Terai drop as much as 40° when the sun goes down. In spite of having the army with us, we got lost twice on the way back. The Crown Prince seemed to be the only one who knew the way, although he was less familiar with the area than many of the soldiers. He was also the best mechanic in the crowd. When a jeep refused to start, it was His Royal Highness Prince Birendra who rolled up his sleeves, stuck his head under the hood and got the engine going again.

The air was festive when we arrived at camp. Hundreds of natives waited outside the compound to see the tiger and congratulate His Majesty. Although man-eaters are rare here, the natives fear and hate the big cat for the damage it does to their livestock. Long into the night we could hear the sound of their drums celebrating the tiger's demise.

A large bonfire burned inside the compound, and near it the King's tiger lay propped on golden paws. In the fire's glow the big cat looked twice the size it had in the jungle. It weighed over 600 pounds and measured 10 feet 4 inches from nose to tail. "There are still larger ones in the Terai," His Majesty said. "Perhaps tonight an even bigger tiger will come to the bait. That one will be yours." I could not imagine a bigger tiger than His Majesty's and hoped I would not meet one, not caring to rop the King. Fortunately, this

first tiger of the shikar remained the largest one taken on the shoot.

A tiger did come to the bait that night, as the King predicted. In the morning the natives brought us word of where it slept. Again the shikaris made the long journey to the place where they hoped the tiger rested. Again they strung the ring of white cloth into a mile-wide circle. Again I climbed into His Majesty's howdah and loaded my rifle. I had the feeling that this had all happened before. I wondered if the tigers, too, were following a "programme." I did not wonder long.

This tiger did not wait for us to get ready or for the attack elephants to flush it. Infuriated by the interruption of its nap, the cat recklessly charged first one, then another bull, raking at their flanks with great, sharp claws. Rivulets of blood ran down the thick gray hides.

The elephants whirled in circles, screaming and trumpeting their anger and confusion. Like punch-drunk prizefighters, they lurched uncertainly from side to side. They did not seem to know whether to charge or flee.

The tiger was in one place and then another, moving with unbelievable speed. A tuft of grass swayed on the left. A bush quivered on the right. A roar rolled from the far side of the circle, then from the brush in front of us. The tiger seemed to be everywhere. It exploded from the grass, sinking its teeth into the tender trunk of an elephant. The animal bellowed in pain, swinging its head frantically to shake the tiger loose. A big bull rushed in to help. The tiger leaped at the trunk of this one, unmindful of its size. The bull caught the tiger on its tusks and flipped it high in the air. The men outside the ring cheered.

My arms ached from holding the rifle ready. My eyes burned from staring into the high grass. I dared not take them from the ring for an instant. At any moment the tiger might cross into the low grass it had scrupulously avoided. In the frenzied two-hour contest, there had been no chance at a shot. The only glimpses I had of the tiger were in the brief seconds when it threw itself at an elephant. The risk of shooting then was too great.

The elephants stopped finally at the far side of the ring. They were visibly weary. Somewhere in the yellow grass the tiger watched, waiting. The action had come to a standstill. His Majesty signaled for his riding elephant. "I shall ride around the circle," he said. "Perhaps the tiger can be driven to this side. Shoot if you see it."

He moved off, trailed by several soldiers on elephants. The grass was as high as their heads. There was no sign of the tiger. Presently His Majesty came back. He conferred in Nepalese with General Molla, who had remained in the howdah. Then His Majesty turned to me. "The tiger is there, but the elephants have not the heart to drive it further," he said. "If you wish, you may ride on your shooting elephant into the ring after it. General Molla will go with you. It will be difficult, but the tiger is a good one." I said I wished to try it.

The big elephant flattened the cloth barrier with its trunk and stepped into the circle. Behind us, other elephants deftly put the cloth into place again. We crossed toward the ring elephants. They watched our approach curiously.

The top-heavy howdah swayed from side to side. With each erratic step it bucked and rolled ominously. I braced my feet against the bench and hung onto the sides. The commander in chief motioned us past the ring elephants. Suddenly my elephant stopped short and threw up its trunk. It took a step backward.

"The tiger is right there," the commander whispered. I could not see it. I stared into the grass, conscious of an intense silence. Then the tableau erupted. "Down!" the general shouted as our elephant spun around. My hip struck the side of the howdah and I was thrown to my knees. All the elephants screamed. The noise was deafening, then there was quiet, and again the elephants moved in toward the tiger. Reluctantly mine followed. It seemed wary and nervous, halting, then going forward in jerky steps. I tried to hold the rifle and keep my balance at the same time. The tension was tremendous, and the elephants seemed to sense it as they advanced in a narrowing circle. The tiger might jump from the grass at any moment.

"There," the general whispered. I saw it at the

same instant. It was a patch of ochre no larger than a grapefruit. At first I thought it was my imagination, it blended so perfectly into the yellow grass.

"Shoot," the general hissed. "It is ready to spring."

I had no idea what target the tiger offered. I raised my rifle and sighted. The elephant shifted uneasily beneath my feet. The rifle swayed, and I wondered if the recoil would knock me out of the howdah. I steadied the rifle.

If there was recoil, I never felt it. The tiger shot straight into the air. There was a tremendous roar. The elephant on my left dropped to its knees. It struggled to get back up, blood streaming from its trunk. The mahout beat on our elephant's skull, trying desperately to bring the panicked creature under control. It swung its head from side to side making terrifying sounds.

"Over there," the general said. "Quick!"

There was a blurred motion in the grass. Another elephant screamed as the tiger's teeth and claws sunk into flesh. The mahout fought to turn the elephant around. Everybody was shouting.

"The tiger has much courage," the general said. I saw a patch of white low in the grass. The tiger was facing us, ready to spring. I aimed just beneath the white ruff and fired.

Nothing moved. Tentatively one of the elephants extended its trunk and sniffed the air. Slowly they started forward side by side, flattening the grass with their trunks. Carefully, almost gently, the elephants cleared away the grass from the place where the big cat lay. The tiger was a large male, just six inches short of the King's. "The skin is very good," His Majesty said, congratulating me. "The tiger is 3 or 4 years old, the best age for a trophy. The fur is prime then, and the color very bright."

But the day's action was not over quite yet. Suddenly, on the horizon, wisps of smoke rose above the grass. A spear of flame shot into the sky, then another, until in seconds the field we were in was ablaze. A brush fire rushed toward us, gathering momentum. The natives who had come on foot to watch the contest from the trees scuttled away through the long grass. Mahouts shouted at the elephants and at each other. I leaped out of the howdah and onto my transportation elephant with almost as much agility as the King. Another elephant got to its knees in the clearing. Four natives pulled the tiger onto its back. Most of the elephants were moving toward safety now, strung out in half a dozen disordered lines. Fire shot into the sky, and deer and smaller animals scurried before the advancing blaze, bolting blindly among the elephants. As we raced away, I looked back and saw my tiger, framed by a pyre of flame, on its fleeing mount.

Five more tigers were taken in the week that followed. Each shoot, remarkably, was different from any of the others, although each began in generally the same way. On one there were three tigers—a male and two females—in the ring together. On another, there was no tiger at all. Twice tigers jumped the ring, passing within feet of my elephant. Several times they attacked the elephants, but we did not encounter another one as pugnacious as mine had been. The shooting was difficult. Visibility was always poor, and snap shooting was the rule. The Crown Prince made the most spectacular shot of the shikar, bringing down his tiger with a single bullet from 200 yards away as the cat arched through the air.

Beside tigers, we encountered a variety of other game. His Majesty was especially fond of chital and almost always ended a tiger shoot with his own private foray after the spotted deer. Wild boar were plentiful—and delicious—as were hog and barking deer. We spent one day on the transportation elephants walking up a mixed bag. After eight hours in the saddle, I was beginning to feel so at home on Narangolia that the Crown Prince and I staged an impromptu elephant race. Another day we hunted barasingha, jumping a herd of more than 500.

With so many tigers about, I was especially intrigued by the idea of calling one in. Along with my .458 and a surfeit of cocktail dresses, I had with me a well-traveled collection of Burnham Brothers' wildlife calls. Over the years I have used them, sometimes successfully, sometimes not, on six continents and six times that many species of

game. But I had never called in an animal as large as a tiger. I was eager to try.

Unfortunately, nobody took me very seriously on the subject. The shikar was almost over before I managed to persuade Colonel Rana, my official escort in camp, to take me into the jungle to try the calls. I knew the project was doomed when the colonel showed up at midnight with not one but three "drivers," an open jeep and an unopened bottle of Scotch. We stopped about an hour's drive from camp in a spot where, the boys assured me, tigers were thick. I explained that we had to be absolutely motionless and soundless. I would blow on the "long" call, a reed affair, for 10 minutes, then wait five minutes. I would then blow on the "close" call, a rubber band and plastic-stick device. If a tiger was about, I told them, it might not appear for another 10 minutes. This was the most critical time of all. Silence was essential. The tiger might be just out of sight, looking us over. Only when I gave the signal was the colonel to switch on the sporlight. Hopefully, we would capture a tiger in its beam. The boys took forever to shift positions, open the Scotch, clear throats and settle down. Finally I began to call. Somebody lit a cigarette, setting off a coughing spell. A buddy hit him on the back. I finished the long call and waited, not very expectantly. Somebody slapped at a mosquito. Then they all had a slug of Scotch. Just as I started the "near" call, a driver said: "What's that?"

"Where?" the others chorused.

Colonel Rana switched on the light. There was, of course, nothing. Considering the open jeep, this was probably just as well. "That's that," the colonel said. It certainly was. He flashed the light down the trail. To my surprise, another light winked back. We had not been alone. Two trucks and a dozen soldiers had followed us.

It seemed hopeless, but I tried again to explain that the call would only work, if it worked at all, when there was no noise, no army and no disturbance in the area. Naturally there also had to be an animal within hearing distance. The colonel rather sadly agreed to give it another try the next night. He even arranged for a blind to be built early that morning. It was about 15 feet up in a tree, above a clearing surrounded on three sides by a stream and beyond that by thick jungle. The area was perfect. We reached the blind at dusk, then sent the elephants and the mahouts back to camp. I had invited the ambassador and his wife to join the colonel and me. There were just the four of us. I explained the rules again. We waited a full half hour for the area to settle down. Then I began the long call. High, rending screams filled the air, conjuring eerie images. The call ended with a piercing wail. Nobody moved.

Then, unmistakable in the jungle still, a tiger answered. Its roar rolled out of the night, frightening, formidable. I put the close call between my teeth and began the pitiful, mournful moans of a dying animal. The tiger roared again. The sound echoed through the darkness, closer now. The tiger was moving toward us. I continued to call. The tiger growled, I could not tell if in anger or interest. Still it came, moving faster. I raised my rifle and realized with surprise that my hands were shaking. I seemed to be trembling all over. My heart was pounding harder and harder. I thought it might explode. I could hardly continue to blow the call. The chattering of my teeth produced only weak, erratic whimpers. Still, the tiger came.

We heard the faint movement of bush—very close now—then a splash. The tiger was crossing the stream. I stood transfixed. The tiger climbed from the stream up onto the bank. In the moonglow its great feline shape was clearly visible. It stopped in the clearing beneath us and stood looking up, not 25 feet away. It was the biggest tiger I had ever seen. The ambassador nudged me with his elbow. The colonel tapped my shoulder inquiringly, waiting for the signal to turn on the light. Mrs. Löer was apoplectic.

"There, there!" she whispered. "Can't you

The day's shikar is over, hunting-camp bonfires light the sky and the army looks on as the author assumes a ceremonial stance beside the tiger she shot.

see the tiger! It is a tiger! The tiger is there!"

Seeing the tiger was not my problem. I was quivering from head to toe. If I had raised the rifle an inch farther I would have dropped it over the side. We stood, the tiger and I, facing each other as if hypnotized. Then, leisurely, gracefully, with what for it was doubtless a shrug of its great shoulders, it turned and padded softly into the night. Long after it was gone from sight, I could hear its puzzled, curious growl.

The clang of a bullock's bell broke the spell. I snapped back to reality. My companions were beside themselves. Why hadn't I fired? Why had I waited? What had happened?

It would be a long time before I could explain, even to myself, what *had* happened. For the first time in my life I had been utterly overwhelmed by the game. There was no question of fear or danger. This was a case of enthralling, overpowering excitement. I had been totally unprepared for the instant, awesome answer to my call. The speed and determination with which the tiger had come to it were beyond belief. The thrill of luring in such a spectacular wild creature had frozen me. I had suffered a classic case of buck fever. The talk that evening was of nothing else. Around Their Majesties' campfire the story was told and retold. My reputation as a hunter may have suffered somewhat, but my reputation as an animal caller was definitely made. His Majesty could not wait to hear the calls himself. Only one evening remained of the shikar. We would spend it calling tigers. "Do not forget to bring the calls tomorrow," His Majesty reminded me for the dozenth time as we said goodnight.

Of the various formalities of the royal shikar, goodnights were trickiest. A definite etiquette was involved. At the end of the evening's festivities, the King would rise. This was the signal for Ambassador and Mrs. Löer, and for me, to take leave of the royal party. The order of leave-taking was strictly defined. First we shook hands with the King, then with the Queen, then with the Crown Prince, then with Prince Himalaya, then with Princess Princep, then with the commander in chief of the army, and finally with the commander's wife, Rani. Protocol further dictated that our backs should not be turned at any time to the King, the Queen or the Crown Prince. This in itself would not have been a problem except for the fact that the men always stood on one side of the fire and the women on the other. I can only assume that I had not recovered from my encounter with the tiger, but that night the complexities of leave-taking got the better of me.

In backing from the King, my high heel sank into a hole in the soft earth. Off balance, I lurched against the Queen. Mumbling mortified apologies, I then backed squarely into a table. It tipped in a crash of coffee cups. Completely flustered now, I stammered through the final farewells and stumbled, blind with embarrassment, toward the exit to my tent. At first I did not even hear the startled gasps that followed. Then in horror I realized that I was heading not for my tent but for Their Majesties'. Above the laughter, the King reminded me again to bring the calls.

All the next morning, generals, colonels and ministers stopped by my tent to repeat the reminder. I did not let the calls out of my sight. After the previous night's performance, I had shattering visions of misplacing them or, worse still, being unable to blow them at all.

For the first time on shikar, the King seemed unusually preoccupied, as if he could not wait for the day to end. He checked his watch with the impatience of a schoolboy waiting for the bell to ring. Since the King went nowhere without at least two platoons of men, I had little faith in repeating my calling of the previous evening. I hoped the King did not expect me to produce a tiger on command. To my amazement, at the end of the day's regular shoot the King sent everyone but the Queen, the Crown Prince, General Molla and me back to camp. The five of us were alone. We had a single jeep.

The plan was to drive to a new blind that was to have been built earlier that day in an area about an hour away. We bounced along a rough forest trail in the gathering evening, exchanging hunting tales like old and comfortable friends. My hope of again calling a tiger grew brighter. Then, in the darkness ahead, we spotted the first hint of trouble. One by one lights came on every-

where. A sentry jumped into our path, poked his head into our jeep, saluted briskly and motioned us on. The sound of hammering floated above the voices of the men. Here and there I caught a glimpse of parked jeeps and trucks. This was no platoon. It was the entire army.

Soldiers escorted us from the jeep down a narrow trail to a clearing. In its center a bullock was tethered to a stake. There were men everywhere. Bright beacons probed the sky like the lights of a Hollywood première.

The Queen began to giggle. We followed her glance to the top of a tall tree. A large, prefabricated metal blind projected from its trunk like an oversized fire escape. It was at least 100 feet above the ground. Workmen were hammering in place numerous sections of the longest ladder I had ever seen. Only a flying tiger could have survived the altitude. The outlook was hopeless. Their Majesties understood this. They were genuinely disappointed, but they wanted to hear the call anyway. The Queen led the way up the swaying ladder.

Eventually the troops left and the jungle grew quiet again. I realized how rarely royalty ever escapes its retinue, and how precious such freedom must be. I have seldom called with so quiet, so patient or so fascinated an audience as Their Majesties and the Crown Prince. Nor have I ever hoped so much for a miracle. It was not to be. We stayed in the blind for two hours, but nothing in the jungle stirred.

It was after 11 when we finally reached camp. A hot tea—which differed from cold tea in that the sandwiches, meats and pâtés were all hot instead of cold—had been laid in my tent, apparently to hold me over while dressing for dinner. Because this was the last night of the shikar, all the minor and major dignitaries of the enormous camp and palace staff had been invited to the final banquet.

Native children in red and black and silver costumes were dancing at one end of the fire when I returned to Their Majesties' compound. Off to the side, a group of musicians filled the night with music. Stewards passed silver trays of sherry and Scotch and marvelous assortments of Nepalese appetizers. Her Majesty was the last to arrive. She looked fragile and beautiful in yards and yards of filmy blue chiffon. It seemed hard to believe that only hours before she had stood in boots and bush clothes, waiting intently in a jungle blind.

We sat together at the fire and drank sherry while the ministers recited poetry they had written for the occasion. Princess Princep joined us with two marvelous hors d'oeuvres she had made from her own recipes for barasingha and chital. We all laughed again over a less palatable hors d'oeuvre she and the Queen had created earlier in the shikar. As a joke, they had salted some small white pebbles and served them on a tray of nuts to the commander in chief.

The dinner itself was the most elaborate and elegant of the shikar. A block-long buffet table was set along one wall of the compound. Crested silver, china and crystal sparkled in the light from a dozen silver candelabra. The scent of flowers mingled with the aromas of Nepalese and Himalayan dishes. Fancy frosted replicas of helicopters, planes and jeeps sat among them, brightly decorated with candy flags and sugared streamers.

"All things must end," His Majesty said. He stood beside me at the fire. "So, too, the shikar must end. It is our hope that you have enjoyed your stay in our country and that your memories of Nepal will be kind. So that you will sometimes think of the times we have passed here together, Her Majesty and I wish you to have these small remembrances."

General Molla appeared carrying a package in his arms. It contained a collection of the King's poetry, a pair of handsome silver candlesticks set with the slender feet of a barasingha stag and a magnificent rug made of the perfectly matched skins of six leopards. I was spellbound.

I stood and watched the woodsmoke rise into the night. Columns of sparks chased after it like fireflies. The sky seemed filled with a billion stars, and the air was cool and fragrant. In the distance the muffled beat of drums mingled with the discordant notes of native song. The dream, like all enchanted things, was ending. I wanted to capture each magic moment. I wanted never to let go.

END

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A WRETCHED MESS OF TYPE, MOSTLY ABOUT FISHING

Begun as a parody of other fishing periodicals, 'The Wretched Mess News' combines wacky advice to the angler with attacks against conservation injustices ***by ROBERT CANTWELL***

David Bascom, age 53, is the president of Guild, Bascom & Bonfigli, Inc., a large advertising firm in San Francisco which he describes as "the world's most lovable advertising agency." He is also one of the founders of a new San Francisco bank, the Fisherman's National Bank (Joe DiMaggio is a director) Bascom named it the Fisherman's National because it is located near Fisherman's Wharf Bascom is also the founder, publisher, editor, advertising manager, business manager and full staff of *The Wretched Mess News*, which he says is America's last stronghold of honest yellow journalism, and which bills itself as largely devoted to trout fishing in Montana

The Wretched Mess News is a good deal funnier than most periodicals devoted to angling, conservation and the great outdoors Bascom was recently included in *Who's Who in* *continued*

DAVID BASCOM, ALIAS MILFORD POLTROON, DISPLAYS HIS PET INVENTION, A COMBINATION GOLF CLUB AND FISHING ROD

America, and in preparing a modest 16-line capsule biography he omitted all references to *The Wretched Mess News* and his part in creating it. The omission baffled his friends in San Francisco. They believe, or at least pretend to believe, that Bascom's claim to enduring fame rests on such works as his invention of the golfishing clubrod (a combined fishing rod and golf club), his parodies of angling literature, his writings in *The Wretched Mess News* and other examples of his humor. "Dave Bascom," wrote a prominent admirer recently, "is the funniest man since W. C. Fields."

In his *Who's Who* entry Bascom merely reported tersely that he was born in Oil City, Pa. in 1912, studied art in San Francisco, worked in the circulation department of the *San Francisco Chronicle*, entered advertising as a copywriter with Garfield & Guild in 1942 and became president of Guild, Bascom & Bonfigli in 1949. He is married, has a son, belongs to various clubs and has received many awards for achievement in advertising. Why, if he could note that the Association of Advertising Men and Women of New York gave him a citation in 1947, should he omit that he founded *The Wretched Mess News* in 1962? Especially since his part in creating the paper is no secret?

"In times past," Bascom said the other day, "some noncultured but well-heeled folk—the sort that constitute prime prospects for an advertising agency—looked upon my *Wretched Mess* activities as proof that I was 100% nuts and thus singularly ill-fitted to direct, or even to participate in, serious business matters." At first Bascom tried to convince them that *The Wretched Mess News* occupied only 5% of his time and thus proved, he claimed, "that I am not more than 5% nuts." It seems that most people remain unconvinced. "I felt it better if *The Mess* were entirely disassociated from my name," he said, "*i.e.*, Bascom."

The publisher of *The Wretched Mess News* is now listed on the masthead as one Milford Poltroon. The name Bascom is nowhere. Since everyone knows that Poltroon and Bascom are one and the same, it is difficult to see how apprehensive clients could have been reassured by the change. Nor were they likely to have been any less alarmed by the ringing editorial published in *The Wretched Mess News* in August 1964, when the name of Milford Poltroon succeeded that of the previous publisher, *i.e.*, Bascom. Asked why he had gotten rid of the old staff, Poltroon said, "Let's just let it go by saying they were all rotten to the core." He promptly announced his new staff: Agnes Poltroon, society editor; Tex Poltroon, outdoor editor; Al Poltroon, indoor editor; and stated the credo of *The Wretched Mess News:* "I intend to bring a new standard of honesty, forthrightness and high integrity, coupled with the yellow journalism for which the piscatorial periodical is already semifamous."

One reason why timorous clients might be alarmed by *The Wretched Mess News* is that Bascom became interested in fly-fishing as a literary matter and seems never to have gotten over his bewilderment in trying to follow the directions given in fishing classics and outdoor publications. A typical issue of *The Wretched Mess News* gives the impression of being the work of a man driven to distraction by accounts of new fly-casting methods, helpful hints to campers, threats to wilderness areas, advice from experts on how to catch more fish and other standard features found in outdoor journals. In trying to carry on the good work, however, *The Wretched Mess News* seems to be severely handicapped. About half of the illustrations are scratchy line drawings —done by Bascom— which vaguely suggest the artwork found in sentimental novels of the time of Charles Dickens, and much of the remainder consists of pictures that Bascom cuts out of old books, magazines and prints, whether they illustrate the text or not. Sometimes *The Wretched Mess News* stars a sensational series (*Is Smakey the Bear a Cammunist Spy?*) and sometimes it embarks on conservation projects (*Our Lavely*

TYPICAL FRONT PAGE OF "WRETCHED MESS" PRESENTS A SENSATIONAL DISCOVERY

Garbage Dump Threatened!) but they never really seem to come to grips with the questions they raise. When *The Wretched Mess News* discovered that the fine for throwing litter from a car was $100 in Nevada but only $25 in Montana, it carried a headline: TOURISTS! WHY TOSS GARAAGE IN NEVADA? SAVE IT FOR MONTANA, THROW OUT 4 TIMES AS MUCH FOR THE SAME PRICE!

The Wretched Mess News, in short, was not intended to be a magazine at all, and looks it. When Bascom and his associate, Walter Guild, were succeeding handsomely in creating the world's most lovable advertising agency, Bascom acquired ulcers. Guild, a devoted fly-fisherman, gave him a copy of Ray Bergman's *Trout*, and Bascom read it through the winter. His wife noted his absorption with the book and presented him with a fly rod. "When spring arrived," Bascom said, "I had read about half the book, and it seemed like a good idea to test my new knowledge and my new rod."

Bascom checked with his doctor about the wisdom of an excursion into the wilds. "He said it would be O.K.," Bascom recalls, "as long as I stayed away from Walter Guild. My doctor (who was also Guild's) felt we would inevitably start talking business if we came into contact, even on some remote mountain stream, and thus arouse blood pressures, tension, ulcers and the like. So I told Walt I was taking my family camping and fishing over a long weekend, but I didn't tell him where."

Bascom, in fact, did not really know where he was going on his first fishing venture. "We sort of meandered aimlessly up into the Sierras," he said, "and then on the suggestion of a tackle-shop proprietor in some crossroads store we found ourselves camped on a tributary stream on the middle fork of the Stanislaus River, way to hell and off in the wilderness and reachable only by dirt road. We set up camp, had dinner and crawled into our sleeping bags. The serenity of the wilds was unbroken except for one car that somehow managed to discover the same dirt road. It came in during the night and set up camp maybe a quarter of a mile from where we were. Next morning after breakfast I took my new fishing rod and my book on trout fishing, hiked down the stream by myself and comfortably seated myself on a large rock in the middle of the stream. Here I started to rig up my fishing outfit, frequently referring to my book for proper instructions. As I was doing this, I heard a crashing in the brush like a bull moose approaching. The bushes parted, and Walter Guild, fishing rod in hand, appeared. He looked at me, and I looked at him. Finally he said, 'Hi, Dave.' I replied, 'Hi, Walt,' and he disappeared upstream."

A major step in Bascom's development as a fishing authority was his study of improvements in tackle. Among the many demented advertisements he has prepared for *The Wretched Mess News* are pictures of the steam-powered spinning reel, the self-enforcing fly-fishing guide to prevent backlash, modeled on the old-fashioned pillory, the improved centrifugal radiating fish killer, and the golfishing clubrod. This last, however, was a real invention. Guild had become a fanatical golfer as well as a fisherman, and for a birthday present Bascom devised a gift that he hoped would combine the best features of both sports. He attached a spinning reel to the shaft of a golf club and ran the line down guides fastened to the shaft and then fastened the fishing line to a golf ball. The idea was that you could hit the ball and drive it into the water, far beyond the distance any angler could cast. That is, if you were fishing with it. If you were playing golf, you could drive the ball into a water hazard and then reel it back in. Golfers and fishermen are notoriously eager to try out new equipment intended to improve their game or their catch, and so much interest was generated by the combined fishing rod and golf club that Bascom patented it. He acquired some old woods and putters and with a young assistant put the patented clubrods on the market, the drivers for $15.95 and the putters for $14.95. Several hundred

continued

INSIDE PAGE LAMPOONS, AMONG OTHER THINGS, AID FOR NOVICE FLYCASTERS

had been sold when Bascom's associate got a better job, the production stopped and the ones already sold became collectors' items.

Bascom was equally bemused in his early fishing days by the mystique of fly-fishing and the awed accounts of mysterious feathers, colors, patterns, hatches, shapes and accidental discoveries that run through its literature. He was trying to tie a fly himself one day, but since he was using a very large hook he was forced to add many ingredients—feathers, tin, ribbons, Christmas tree ornaments, bits of velour and yarn—so many he had created a fly like no other on earth. "What a wretched mess!" he exclaimed, and thus named the fly The Wretched Mess. He gave it to a friend, who gave it to another, and so on, until people gradually learned about it and began to inquire where they could get these mysterious lures for themselves. This led Bascom to make more and place them on sale in a West Yellowstone, Mont. shop for 98¢ each.

The first issue of *The Wretched Mess News* was in reality an advertisement for The Wretched Mess fly. Bascom mimeographed a hundred copies and sent them to his friends, principally in the advertising business. So many people heard how funny it was that Bascom began publishing regularly—or at least fairly regularly for an editor devoting only 5% of his time to a job. He raised the subscription price from $1 to $1.50 for four issues a year, producing it whenever the time and creative mood coincided. After a while *The Wretched Mess News* had 3,500 to 4,000 subscribers, and guaranteed 3,000 to its advertisers. The early issues ran to only 12 pages, but as circulation and advertising grew issues ran to as many as 32 pages and included 10 pages or so of advertising. The advertising arrangement was singular. A page cost $24.58, and advertisers have included Jack Daniel's, Guild, Bascom & Bonfigli, Carling's Black Label Beer, Shakespeare Spinning Reels, Gerry Down Clothing, Ralston Cereal, Suzuki Trail Bikes, Chicken of the Sea Tuna, Western Airlines and the *San Francisco Chronicle* —"makes the best fish-wrapper in the world," says its ad. In fact, most of the ads read like the jokes, and the non-advertising pages are indistinguishable from the ones that advertisers pay for. *The Wretched Mess News* offers its advertisers a package in which the periodical prepares the ads. However, it refuses to submit the ads to the advertisers for approval. "We know a good ad when we see it," says the rate card.

In view of Bascom's saturation with fishing literature, it was natural that *The Wretched Mess News* should be packed with new studies of familiar fishing axioms and how-to-do-it instructions for beginners. One of the magazine's most thoughtful works dealt with shooting fish in a rain barrel. The editors managed to find and photograph a man actually shooting fish in a rain barrel and asked him if it was easy. "Anyone who thinks shooting fish in a rain barrel is easy ought to try it," said G. T. Fondler, of Belmont, Calif. "I believe rain barrel shooting stands a fine chance of replacing present less sporty ways of meat fishing." The how-to-do-it articles in *The Wretched Mess News* range from instructionals to the perplexed beginner on how to tell one end of a fishing rod from the other to advice to the expert on what to do if he is lost in the woods. Around West Yellowstone it is no use trying to employ the old boy scout trick of finding north by noting which side of a tree carries more moss. There is no moss on the trees in that area. *The Wretched Mess News* suggests that visiting fishermen bring their own moss with them in case they become lost. Another good outdoor hint is that geese fly north in the spring and south in the fall. If the prudent fisherman will take a wild goose with him, he can release it if he becomes lost and discover true north or south from the way it flies.

Occasionally *The Wretched Mess News* does become serious, and when it does it is usually about something having to do with the Madison River and Hebgen Lake. Once the Montana Fish and Game Commission opened the Madison to year-round fishing *The Wretched Mess News* launched a terrific attack against the prime example of "Montana Fish and Game knotheadedness." The biologists reasoned that if a stream were stocked frequently, fishing pressure would not matter. *The Wretched Mess News* argued that unless the river was closed part of the time, anglers could catch only small fish. And nonresident fishermen came to Montana in the hope of getting big ones. It might be scientifically true that a cubic foot of water could support only so much fish, but it made a difference to fishermen whether it was one five-pound trout or five one-pound trout.

In that battle *The Wretched Mess News* won; the river was closed part of the year (SI, June 29, 1963). The attack of *The Wretched Mess News* on the U.S. Forest Service has been less successful—so far. Hebgen Lake is in the Gallatin National Forest. In 1964 the Forest Service began the sale of 900 acres of timber in the area around Hebgen Lake and authorized the cutting. Eventually 6,000 acres are to be cut. The sort of cutting authorized was clear cutting, which leaves not a stick growing. One result was that *The Wretched Mess News* came out with a picture of the mountain lake, seen through the devastated area left when the trees had been felled along the shore, a picture captioned "A 900-Acre Mistake of the U.S. Forest Service." The position of the Forest Service was that the timber stands around Hebgen Lake were overmature and were infected with dwarf mistletoe. The position of *The Wretched Mess News* was that vast areas of forest far removed from places of scenic value and outdoor recreation were in the same condition, that dwarf mistletoe was damaging but not catastrophic, that half the merchantable lodgepole pine in Wyoming, Colorado, Idaho and Montana was in the same condition and, in any event, it made no difference where the quota of timber to be sold from the Gallatin National Forest was taken. So it could be taken just as effectively in regions far from the sight of man. But in fact, as the photograph eloquently testified, it was being taken along the lovely shore of Hebgen Lake.

The Wretched Mess News has not become entirely a crusading journal—far from it. "I would like to again stress that the creation and publication of *The Wretched Mess News* is strictly fun on my part," Bascom said the other day. "It has absolutely no connection with the other things with which I am involved." The effectiveness of the magazine's first efforts in behalf of conservation makes one wonder what would happen if Bascom—or Milford Poltroon, for that matter—decided to devote 95% of his time to it. If it could save places like Hebgen Lake it might be a worthwhile endeavor providing a good deal of pleasure for a lot of people for a long time to come. **END**

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1965
SILVER ANNIVERSARY AWARDS

A quarter of a century ago 25 seniors played their last college football games. In the years since, their careers have varied widely, but each has been stamped by quality as well as success. For their achievements since 1940 the 25 have been elected to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*'s annual Silver Anniversary All-America by these distinguished judges: Eugene Carson Blake, Stated-Clerk of the General Assembly, United Presbyterian Church of U.S.A.; Norton Clapp, President, Weyerhaeuser Co.; Clinton E. Frank, Chairman of the Executive Committee, Clinton E. Frank, Inc.; Floyd D. Hall, President, Eastern Air Lines; J. George Harrar, President, Rockefeller Foundation; Victor Holt Jr., President, Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.; U.S. Senators Edward M. Kennedy and Thomas H. Kuchel; Lewis A. Lapham, Chairman of the Executive Committee, Bankers Trust Co.; Thurgood Marshall, Solicitor General of the U.S.; Carl E. Reistle Jr., Chairman, Humble Oil & Refining Co.; and Charles A. Thomas, Chairman of the Finance and Technical Committees, Monsanto Co. To each of a worthy group of winners go the symbolic silver goalposts.*

CONTINUED

UNDER THE SHADOW OF WAR

The American people are good," wrote Philosopher George Santayana in his last book. "Their mentality is settled and pervasive; they are devoted and ingenious in improving the instruments and methods of material economy."

The old philosopher was pondering the future of the world at the end of World War II, and he was considering what contributions the different nations and systems of government might be expected to make to a world at peace. Precisely in the sphere of increased production, he continued, the American people could "act for the welfare of all mankind." The 25 men who have been chosen to receive Silver Anniversary All-America Awards of 1965 were not leading citizens at the time; in fact, in the fall of 1940, when the war had reached its first climax in the rout of France and the colossal German raids on London, these 25 were simply American college students playing their last games before they went to war themselves—10 into the Navy, five into the Army, four into the air forces and three into the Marines. Three were shot down, one of them twice: Tom Harmon of Michigan made his way out of the jungle of China in 32 days; Raymond Frick of Pennsylvania was imprisoned in Stalag Luft III for a year. Robert Ison of Georgia Tech was on a submarine that, trapped on the surface and unable to submerge, threaded its way through the Japanese navy from the south China coast to Australia.

After the war they distinguished themselves in various ways: making prefabricated kitchens or jet-propulsion engines, doing research on the localization of brain tumors with radioisotopes, selling advertising for the Yellow Pages of the telephone book, teaching in Harlem, coaching and preaching. Seven of them became executives in businesses, seven of them educators, five physicians and scientists, three industrialists, one a prominent Protestant theologian, one a famous Catholic priest and one a leading architect. Because of such contributions to the general good, the eminent judges whose names are listed on the preceding page voted for these 25 to receive the Silver Anniversary awards from among the candidates who were nominated by 65 different colleges.

If you played football 25 years ago the contemporary game commands your moderately respectful admiration. Platooning, for instance: you watch those lines of players streaming on and off the field and you think about the way these Saturday afternoons have been opened up to more and more participants. The thought may cross your mind: "I wonder which platoon I would have played on?" Football seems more tightly organized, more sophisticated, more formalized, more complex. "They throw more passes now in one quarter than we threw in the whole game," says David Rankin, who was an All-America end at Purdue in 1940. What seems constantly surprising, too, is how fast big men can run these days. So if you played football in 1940 you find yourself wondering if you would get creamed playing now. Or, like Raymond Frick, now a vice-president of American Brake Shoe Company, you find yourself thinking: "I'd like to play one game in college football today with the physical equipment I had 25 years ago."

But there are reservations. Colonel Louis De Goes, an end at Colorado School of Mines, thinks today's football is of much better quality but there seems to be something he calls automation that stifles initiative. Tom Harmon, twice a Michigan All-America, a back of awesome accomplishments who now is a gray-haired grandfather, says there has been a loss of imagination. "Coaches have concentrated so heavily on passing they have lost the greatest excitement—the long run," he says.

If you played football 25 years ago you probably watch as many games as you can find time to see. Alfred Barran, who worked his way through high school as well as college (his father died when he was 8), was a tackle at Denison. Now president of General Telephone of Indiana, he says, "I'm a great spectator." He goes to nearby games whenever he can—Notre Dame, Western Michigan, Indiana, anything. On his way home from his plush office in Fort Wayne, he stops to watch kids play sandlot football.

But some, like Dr. Howard Dunbar, are almost too busy to take in games. He was a guard on the undefeated 1939

In his last game for Michigan famed Tom Harmon ripped his way to three touchdowns.

team at Cornell and on the famous 1940 team that lost to Dartmouth in that historic contest first won by Cornell with three seconds to go and then given up to Dartmouth a week later when it was revealed that the referee, in the excitement, had given Cornell five downs. Now Dr. Dunbar is doing research in a delicate branch of brain surgery, treating disorders of motion with stereotaxic techniques. The problem is "to be able to record electroactivity and tell exactly where in the brain it is coming from," Dr. Dunbar says, "instead of having to go by negative information, which only tells me where I am not." When he has any free time he plays the violin, builds his own electronic equipment, plays bridge or develops his own photographs. Football is seen only occasionally, though Dr. Dunbar would want to play if he were in college now.

These people who were playing football 25 years ago can hardly be said to be living in the past. The 1940 football season opened on a grim day, September 28, when the big news at the moment was that Japan had joined the Axis with Germany and Italy. Attendant bad news was that after a daylight raid by 600 planes London was fighting its worst fires. Boston College was playing Tulane at New Orleans that day and winning 27–7. A Boston guard was George Kerr, now Monsignor Kerr, the archbishop's representative in Boston on the North Conway Foundation (a combined effort of all faiths to combat juvenile delinquency, dope and alcoholism). Colgate also beat Akron that opening day, and James Garvey, right tackle and the Colgate captain (now assistant principal of a Harlem junior high school), was starting his last football year before joining a tank battalion.

Stanford was playing its first game under new Coach Clark Shaughnessy. The 1939 team, winner of only one game, was considered the worst in Stanford history. "We learned what it takes to be labeled a failure," said John Warnecke, a humble tackle then, now the celebrated architect of the Kennedy Memorial, among other striking projects. The 1940 Stanford team revolutionized big-time football with the T formation. In the opening game with San Francisco State, Stanford Quarterback Frank Albert tentatively called one of Shaughnessy's plays on one side, then one on another, and they went for big chunks of yardage. "He walked back to the huddle," Warnecke remembered the other day, "and said, 'Holy God, this stuff really works!' " It did, and an undefeated and untied Stanford team went on to defeat Nebraska 21–13 in the Rose Bowl.

Those opening games were played a month and a week before President Roosevelt defeated Wendell Willkie by a vote of 27,243,466 to 22,304,755 to become the first President to serve three terms. In the light of such historical developments even memorable games were forgotten. UCLA lost for the first time in 14 starts to Southern Methodist in a night game before 70,000. That was the game in which Jackie Robinson, playing safety, gave UCLA its only score as the Bruins lost 9–6. He fielded a punt on the first bounce, streaked straight upfield for 15 yards, darted to his left to evade a cluster of tacklers, picked up blockers and raced unmolested 87 yards for a touchdown. Tom Harmon's exploits in Michigan's opening game with California at Berkeley were even more extraordinary. He ran back the opening kickoff for a touchdown and scored with an eight-yard rush and runs of 72 and 86 yards to give Michigan a 41–0 victory. This was the game in which a California fan made a leap to the field, eluded guards and police and tried to stop Harmon with a grab for his legs as he crossed the goal line.

Jackie Robinson, later to break baseball's color line, was a shifty halfback with UCLA

Harmon, Robinson, Rankin and the other 1965 Silver Anniversary Award winners—and probably most of the students who played college football in 1940—are not only still interested in the game, but often zealots, missionaries or propagandists for it. Dr. Harold Sponberg, once a guard with Gustavus Adolphus, put the matter succinctly. He is the new president of fast-growing (7,500 students) Eastern Michigan University at Ypsilanti, which almost never won games before he arrived. In a speech urging a new, positive approach Dr. Sponberg concluded, "Let us have a team the hand can be proud of!" It caught on, and now the battle cry "Win one for the hand!" echoes often in Ypsilanti.

Dr. Robert Jamplis, once a quarterback at Chicago, stated the nature of the enthusiasm even more vividly. He is an eminent authority on cardiovascular surgery and the author of articles with such titles as *Circumscribed Pulmonary Lesions* and *Gunshot Wound of the Heart*. He is the driving force behind the fine Palo Alto Medical Clinic which, with its staff of 110 doctors, he envisions as another Mayo Clinic. But he is, above all, a football enthusiast and sees every Stanford game, having wangled a job as assistant to the team physician. "Some fellows go duck hunting," he says, "I go with the football team. People don't seem to put college football in perspective. When I go to a party I hear conversation about the team that makes the players like robots or old pros. They're just kids. Each game is not the end of the world."

TURN PAGE FOR SKETCHES OF ALL THE WINNERS

THOMAS B. ADAMS WAYNE STATE

Eight years ago Tom Adams was plucked from a group of promising young execs of the Campbell-Ewald Co. and made president. His job: to reorganize the management team of the ad company, infusing young blood and new ideas. Next year the job will be completed. "The past eight years have been a challenge," Adams says, "but less, I think, than the next eight." Will he succeed? Well, take the Buffalo game of 1940. It had been snowing for days and the end zone lines were hidden. Twice Adams scored for Wayne State, but the officials were not certain. Finally he went over with a vengeance, through the end zone and up to the wall of the grandstand. The touchdown was undisputed.

RICHARD L. BALCH UNION

Things began solidly enough for Richard Balch. He went to Union College because his parents wanted it that way. They also wanted him to transfer to Harvard or Yale or Stanford after two years, but he liked the intimacy of Union, and that was it for doing what was expected of him. He quarterbacked an unbeaten team in his junior year and has spent the last 25 years leaving safe positions. Just last November he resigned as vice-chancellor of student affairs at the University of California's Irvine campus to join the Mental Research Institute of Palo Alto, Calif. specializing in family therapy. The reason, perfectly obvious to Balch: "It gives me the chance to work at the root of our society."

HUGH R K. BARBER COLUMBIA

It was quite a moment when his Columbia teammates elected him captain, but it did not sit well with Hugh Remegius Kilroe Barber. "To be judged by your peers for this position," he said, "seems unfair, because this is an individual honor in a team sport." Barber has sought no individual honors since, but they have come by the hundred to this authority in ovarian cancer. In a workday that is often 18 hours long, he dedicates himself to doing something about the disease he feels has become a serious threat to future generations. What gives an earnestness to his cause is the belief that facilities for simple tests to enable early diagnosis could lessen the danger. "We have the means today," he says, "to eradicate invasive cancer of the cervix and uterus which, together, constitute 40,000 new cases a year."

Manufacturer W. Dwight Gahm chats with a well-paid employee.

ALFRED J. BARRAN DENISON

He was an aggressive 220-pounder, lugging the scraps off the dinner table for his teammates, but that was fine with Al Barran, who had paid his own way since he was 8, when his father died. Barran has been doubly successful, first on the Coast, where he began selling space in the Yellow Pages with such energy that it took him just 12 years to become a telephone-company president. He was named "Mr. Private Enterprise" and was urged to run for governor of Washington (he said no). Now president of the General Telephone Co. of Indiana, he thinks back on the governor who might have been and says, "A tackle knows his limitations."

RAYMOND A. CHARLES KNOX

When Ray Charles hops on the 5:20 each night from Newark's Broad Street Station, his briefcase is bulging with data concerning the billion dollars' worth of securities he manages each year as the senior vice-president of Prudential Insurance's bond department. Such responsibility was not what he had in mind when he was playing tackle. "I was thinking in terms of a $10,000-a-year job, a nice family and some security. I wonder how I ever could have set my sights so low." Others do, too. In two years Charles missed just 20 minutes of football, all on a brutally hot day when the coach suddenly sent in a whole new team, shocking those who did not believe Knox *had* 11 more men. "The reserves promptly scored two touchdowns," Charles recalls ruefully.

ED CIFERS TENNESSEE

Not all the lessons on a football field are active. There was that game back in 1938, for instance, when Tennessee upset Alabama and Ed Cifers' major contribution was to yell like mad from the bench. "I remembered that one," said Cifers, who has all kinds of memories of more active roles with Tennessee and the professional Washington Redskins, "because nobody thought we could do it." Now Cifers is president of the Charles H. Bacon Company, a firm that make ladies' seamless nylons. He prepped for the job by successfully running a construction company. Both are ruggedly competitive businesses, the kind of businesses for which football might prepare a man, thinks Cifers, who learned his toughness under General Bob Neyland.

LOUIS DE GOES COLORADO SCHOOL OF MINES

The day was not long enough for Louis De Goes. Aside from learning how to be a geological engineer, he found a way to become his school's heavyweight boxing champion three times, win three basketball letters and play end on the undefeated, untied football team in 1939. He joined the Air Force after Pearl Harbor and made a career of it, eventually trudging around Arctic ice floes (a routine business, he says, although he is considered one of the world's authorities on ice islands). In two years Colonel De Goes will retire as a director in aerospace technology at Wright-Patterson AFB, but first he wants to sail the Pacific in a trimaran, then

Surgeon Robert B. Jamplis explains views outside center he boosts

begin a new career, possibly in volcanology. "I have so much to do," he says. "I would like to live to be 200."

HOWARD S. DUNBAR CORNELL

Howard Dunbar has the tall, athletic good looks of a well-adjusted company man who will barrage you with old light songs at the sniff of a martini. Do not be misled. Dunbar *was* end on a Cornell team that went around beating the likes of Ohio State, but to him football was merely a game. "Oh, it didn't hurt me," he says, "but no one has ever hired me because of it. Medicine would be crazy if it did." Dr. Dunbar hired himself and has not been unemployed since, what with his absorbing duties as a brain surgeon and teacher. But he dislikes committees. "A surgeon gets used to responsibility," he says. "And gets annoyed with administrators whose main job seems to be avoiding it."

RAYMOND A. FRICK PENNSYLVANIA

"It takes moxie to play football, and if you don't have moxie you're not going to make it in the business world," says Raymond A. Frick, Penn's 1940 captain. "Sounds like a bunch of clichés, I know, but there is a definite parallel between football and business. Both demand determination, spirit and sacrifice." Something of these same qualities brought Frick through the war years as a Liberator pilot in Europe, a year in a German prison camp and up through the ranks from foreman to the vice-presidency of the American Brake Shoe Company's Railroad Products Division.

W. DWIGHT GAHM INDIANA

When Dwight Gahm was playing center at Indiana the game was simpler than the one his son plays today. But then, as now, football required taking chances, and there is no record of Dwight Gahm backing down from a risky thing. In 1955, against sound advice, he bought a kitchen-cabinet company that was struggling to turn out 20,000 units a year. Immediately he instituted an incentive system, paying employees more for doing more. His company today turns out half a million cabinets a year in a plant that sprawls over 10 acres, and his efficient workers, he believes, are the highest paid in the woodcraft industry.

JAMES W. GARVEY COLGATE

No doubt James Garvey could have cut quite a figure at one of the fashionable prep schools in the East, graduating as he did with straight A's from Colgate and playing two years of pro ball with the Providence Steamrollers. He had prep schools in mind but, in getting his graduate degree at Columbia, Substitute Teacher Garvey met P.S. 171 head on. "Our problems were the basic ones you find in the ghetto," he says, "low income, split homes, alcoholism." Garvey reacted to the challenge by electing to teach at an all-Negro girls' junior high school. He is an assistant principal now, and he would not change careers for anything.

NORMAN RUSSELL GAY ROCHESTER

Just two blocks away from the cluttered office of Norman Russell Gay is Notre Dame Stadium. While the campus goes joyfully insane on selected fall afternoons, he sits high in the stands, immune from undergraduate hysteria. Not that football does not have its place but, as dean of the engineering college, Gay is more interested in the practical application of slide rules than in national championships. It would surprise a lot of his pupils, however, to learn that he was a violently active guard and co-captain on one of the few winning teams Rochester ever had. "They would be surprised," he says, "to know we had football."

THOMAS D. HARMON MICHIGAN

Mention old 98 at Michigan and everybody knows who you mean—Tommy Harmon, who carried that number across 33 enemy goal lines and right into football's Hall of Fame. Harmon could have picked his sport to win All-America honors (he was an all-state basketball player at Gary, a 9.8 sprinter, and the Yankees wanted to sign him as a pitcher), but football was his passion. Strangely, the one

Monsignor Kerr roots at a Boston College home game

game Harmon cannot forget is a defeat—7-6. "It is still difficult to accept," he says, but so is half-good in a sports announcer. Harmon has some 10 million regular listeners, but he will not be satisfied until he has five minutes of the whole country's time each evening for a sports show that "is truly honest and well done."

ROBERT L. ISON GEORGIA TECH

The Ison Finance Company was a hand-me-down family business turning over half a million dollars in 1948, when Bob Ison got hold of it. Today it does $50 million worth of business, but do not look to Ison to tell you about that —or of the Silver Star he won in World War II as executive officer of the submarine U.S.S. *Bergall*. Bob Ison is equally reticent about his football-playing days, except, of course, about that one play against Kentucky when he took a hand-off after a fake. The fake worked so well that the opposing halfback ran beside Ison, yelling and pointing toward the other side of the field, all the way into the end zone.

ROBERT W. JAMPLIS CHICAGO

Grade-school friends called him Doc because his glasses were always falling off his tiny nose. Although he has kept the nickname, there is nothing undignified about Dr. Robert W. Jamplis, chief of the department of thoracic surgery at the Palo Alto Medical Clinic. Jamplis interned in such places as Guam and Nagasaki, later gained more experience at the Mayo Clinic and left with a dream—to match Mayo's excellence. As quarterback at Chicago, Jamplis learned to admire excellence in the person of Michigan's Forest Evashevski, who "kept knocking me down. Every time he picked me up he would say, 'Be right back, son.'"

GEORGE KERR BOSTON COLLEGE

The logical thing would have been to tear down the crumbling church in Roxbury. The roof had holes in it, and the connecting convent for a dozen nuns had been condemned by the building department. Instead, Cardinal Cushing sent in Father George Valentine Kerr, an ex-newspaper boy from the neighborhood who had once had the gall to try out for the Boston College football squad weighing exactly 155 pounds. Four years and two bowl trips later, Coach Frank Leahy called Kerr "the greatest guard I have ever coached." In two months $300,000 was raised, and Msgr. Kerr was on his way to building a showpiece in the Boston archdiocese.

DeLANEY KIPHUTH YALE

DeLaney Kiphuth was 10 when his father trundled him off to Amsterdam in 1928 for the Olympic Games. Conceivably, such special treatment for the son of Yale's brilliant swimming coach, Robert Kiphuth, could have cured his ardor for sports forever. It did not. When the time came for Kiphuth to do or die for God, Country and Yale, he showed up for football standing a regal 5 feet 6 and commenced knocking the poise out of men half a foot taller. Once Kiphuth found an opposing guard who was even smaller, and recalls, "The little fellow gave me a helluva thrashing." Kiphuth continues to plump for good contact as director of athletics at Yale, where he continues an excellent program of varsity athletics and an intramural one for all undergraduates that keeps growing.

Theologian J. Robert Nelson conducts a class at Boston U.

J. ROBERT NELSON DE PAUW

Dr. J. Robert Nelson is not sorry he played football, although he regrets breaking an opponent's leg. "It teaches a boy discipline, roughness with restraint," he says, traits he has exhibited since he graduated a Phi Beta Kappa. In 1960 Nelson resigned as dean of Vanderbilt University Divinity School when a Negro student was expelled for his role in a Nashville sit-down protest against segregated lunch counters. Currently professor of systematic theology at Boston University, he believes that the "ministry isn't just reading the Bible, it's determining man's worth in society and the degrees of justice and human relationships."

DAVID W. RANKIN PURDUE

It seems unlikely that anyone weighing 150 pounds would show up for football at Purdue in the first place, but unlikely things happen to Dave Rankin. He not only played, he became an All-America end. Then there was the College All-Star Game against the Chicago Bears. Rankin went into it as the Stars' captain and came out a seaman second class (the ceremony was performed at half time.) After flying 150 fighter missions in the Pacific as a marine, he returned to Purdue to coach freshman football—and ended up as track coach. "They told me I wouldn't make a lot of money," Rankin remembers, "but they also said I'd like the job. I did. Why, I've traveled all over the world with my track teams. Name me a football coach who's done that."

JACK R. ROBINSON UCLA

There should be something passive about a cup of coffee, but when Jack Roosevelt Robinson joined Chock Full O' Nuts, blenders and restaurateurs, lively things began to happen. They always do around Jackie Robinson, whether he was exciting people as he moved in under a punt at UCLA or edging off third base as the National League's Most Valuable Player. With the same aggressiveness that made him one of the finest athletes of his time, he waded

into the battle for civil rights and now, as chairman of the board of the Freedom National Bank in Harlem, has helped raise its assets from $1.5 million to almost $9 million as he worked to get more Negroes to start their own businesses.

ARTHUR H. SCHWEITZER JR. CASE INSTITUTE

In the office of Arthur H. Schweitzer the carpets are deep and the desk is massive, as befits a vice-president of the largest supplier of jet-engine components in the country. As with most athletes, Schweitzer sees the whole hustling complex of Thompson Ramo Wooldridge in the grand American tradition—the team. It is a point of view that derives from earning three letters in football as a running back and three more in basketball as a guard at Case. "To compete," he says, "that's the important thing."

HAROLD E. SPONBERG GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS

The critics of Harold Sponberg call his approach to education "anti-intellectual." Dr. Sponberg responds, he just hates half measures. He still wakes up nights thinking of the time he nailed a St. Mary's back on the man's own five-yard line but let him fall forward. A safety would have won the game. "You hear people talk about giving that little extra effort," he says. "Well, I've never forgotten the time I didn't." Dr. Sponberg came to Eastern Michigan U. as president last June to find that the football staff was not even allowed to use university stationery. It does now, as Dr. Sponberg pursues what he calls a "total program." "I never met a student who didn't want to be first," he says, "in football or a chemistry lab."

WILLIAM TATMAN VALPARAISO

Reflecting on the ungentle ways of football, Bill Tatman said recently, "It taught me to hold my head up," which may seem odd coming from a man who spent a varsity career at center keeping his head down. Only once did he ever throw his backfield into confusion—when the seat of his pants was ripped out. On the next play Tatman got over the ball, fully exposing the situation to his startled signal-caller who, after thorough assessment, called time out for necessary repairs. Tatman went into the Army peeling spuds and came out four years later a captain. He repeated the process in civilian life, entering Illinois Bell Telephone Co. as a lineman and rising to his present post as assistant general manager for the entire Chicago area.

Coach David Rankin goes over track records at Purdue

JOHN CARL WARNECKE STANFORD

President Kennedy used to call John Warnecke "Rose Bowl," and with reason. Warnecke played in it. He played,

Architect John Carl Warnecke studies model for Kennedy Memorial

in fact, as a 215-pound tackle on Stanford's worst team ever and on one of its best. Warnecke never lost sight of what it takes to become best. In 1962 J.F.K. asked Architect Warnecke to submit a plan to save Washington's handsome landmarks around Lafayette Square. A huge undertaking, it is being pursued today. Two days after President Kennedy's funeral it was Warnecke who was chosen by Mrs. Kennedy to design the permanent memorial that will be erected in Arlington. "You're going to rise or fall on this thing," a presidential aide told Warnecke. The plan he eventually submitted was accepted.

EARLE W. WILKINS WILLIAMS

Just recently Dr. Earle Wilkins, who is a leading thoracic surgeon in the Boston area, was mulling over the intricacies of modern surgery, noting that a patient is in the hands of not just one man, but a whole team. "It is strictly cooperative these days," he said. "The surgeon has an assistant, an anesthetist, nurses, and the patient is in trouble if the whole team isn't pulling together." Wilkins learned about playing on a team as a single-wing quarterback—a position that left the touchdown-making to others and one in which his principal responsibilities were to clear the way for hotshot tailbacks. "But I learned the value of discipline," he says. "That's quite a lot, come to think of it." **END**

GOLF / *Alfred Wright*

A laugher for the team from Texas

Gay Brewer and Butch Baird rode a hot streak to a PGA championship

Until this past fall the name of Gay Brewer Jr. was hardly one to be conjured with in the pro circuit. Then in September, Brewer won the Greater Seattle Open, he won again in November in Hawaii and Saturday, with fellow Texan Butch Baird, he won the first PGA National Four-Ball Championship near Palm Beach. Brewer was as happy as his name implied he should be.

Even among those who were aware of Brewer's recent wins, the Brewer-Baird team went practically unnoticed as the tournament was getting under way. The two justified the inattention by shooting a best-ball 70 that left them in a tie for 60th place on the first day. But on their second round, playing the shorter (by 350 yards) and somewhat easier West Course of the PGA National's two intricately devised layouts, Brewer and Baird set a new best-ball course record of 60, 12 under par. To this score Brewer contributed an eagle and six of the 10 birdies. After a so-so 67 for their third round on the East Course, the team found itself tied for second, a stroke off the leading pace of Jay and Lionel Hebert, with whom they were paired for Saturday's final round.

For the first nine holes the final was a marvelously tight struggle. Playing their way boldly in the midst of the enormous flash bunkers and snaking water hazards that characterize this superb course, the Hebert brothers shot five birdies and four pars. Yet over the same distance, Brewer and Baird had six birdies, five of them Brewer's, and Brewer did not bother to putt for his birdie at the 6th hole when Baird had already made one for the team.

Going to the 10th hole the two teams were even, but Brewer was playing unbeatable golf all by himself. A 6-footer from Dallas with a huge arc to his swing and a funny little loop at the top of it, he was driving the ball well past the long-hitting Lionel Hebert and then hitting his irons dead to the pin. His birdies at the 10th, 12th and 13th holes put his team three strokes ahead and out of reach of the Heberts. Baird's final birdie at the 17th (again Brewer, whose ball was inside Baird's, did not putt) put them 10 under par for the day and tied them for the best-ball course record on the East Course. They won, as one would expect, laughing.

Brewer's half of the $20,000 winner's prize was the biggest check of his life. When asked if his 20 birdies and one eagle during the four rounds of the Four-Ball represented the best golf of his career, he replied with a wistful smile, "Yes, I think you could say that."

The idea of a four-ball team tournament for the playing pros is not a new one. Back in the dark ages of Hogan, Snead and Demaret, the Miami Four-Ball was a fixture on the pro tour, but it was abandoned in the early '50s after two successful decades. Even today, some of the best locker-room yarns of the oldtimers are the oft-told tales of fun and friction that resulted from incongruous pairings in the Miami Four-Ball.

Two years ago, the suggestion of another four-ball was made at the annual players' meeting during the San Diego Open. At the time CBS was filming a team-play series for television, and nearly all the players who were taking part

continued

NONCHALANT TEXANS BAIRD AND BREWER LEAN ON THE PUTTERS THAT MADE THEM

BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND. BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY. 86.8 PROOF. IMPORTED BY CANADA DRY CORPORATION, NEW YORK, NEW YORK

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NORTHWESTERN MUTUAL LIFE
MILWAUKEE

PHOTOS BY STEPHEN HEGER

Here's a seaworthy crew! Anna Curfman and daughters wait for dad to join them for a cruise in the family motor boat.

enjoyed it and felt that a team-play tournament would present a welcome relief to the monotony of the week-after-week 72-hole format. Jay Hebert, who was then chairman of the PGA Tournament Committee, suggested that they wait until the PGA's new club at Palm Beach Gardens, Fla. was ready. Then the pros could put on their own tournament at their own course and have something a little special to offer the public.

Hebert was thinking in terms of a year, but there were false starts and minor breakdowns before the PGA finally got itself installed at the Palm Beach site. The place had a big, modern clubhouse and two splendid 18-hole courses designed by the late Dick Wilson, one of the true craftsmen of golf architecture.

By May the tournament committee felt enough confidence in its idea to put the Four-Ball on its schedule for the slack December days, and later it set up a purse of $125,000. Inasmuch as all the prizes would have to be split, anything less than that would be unlikely to draw the blue-ribbon players away from their firesides so close to Christmas. Paul Warren of Cleveland, one of the ablest men in the country at organizing golf tournaments, was retained to run the event.

Easier, the pros discovered, said than done. December, more than slack, is dead in southern Florida, with the tourists still in the North and the locals guarding the dollar closely in preparation for Santa Claus. Because the television people, who were chipping in $54,000, felt they would be murdered by pro football on Sunday, the tournament had to end on Saturday afternoon, allowing it only one day on which the working population could join the gallery. There was hope of raising some extra funds through a pro-amateur event on the preceding Sunday, but the local amateurs took a dim view of the $300 entry fee. The price was lowered to $200, then to $125 before enough amateurs signed up. Public-spirited merchants and golf bugs bought up enough season tickets to produce a $25,000 advance, but this was only a third of what was hoped for.

The prize money attracted all but a smattering of the country's best pros, including Arnold Palmer and Jack Nicklaus, who are usually enough to insure a stampede at any gate. Because the event was being played on the PGA's own courses, it was agreed that any PGA member would be eligible to play. The turnout was a surprise: 107 teams, the largest field of pros ever to start in an official PGA event. "This is the only tournament in history," said the veteran Chick Harbert, "where the players outnumber the gallery."

One of the most fascinating facets of this tournament was the teaming. Some pairs, of course, seemed obvious—like the Hebert brothers, Lionel and Jay, who normally travel together on the tour. Strangely, though, they have teamed together only twice before—in the CBS-TV matches. As Lionel explained it, "We were about the two strongest players in town, so we always had to play against each other to make a match." There were teams born of palships on the tour, such as former Masters champion Art Wall with Doug Ford, who have been buddies since they were both winning pros some years back. Julius Boros and George Bayer were other naturals.

Probably the most unlikely of all the pairings was that of old pro Bill Casper and Homero Blancas, the young man from Houston who has just been named rookie of the year for 1965. It is not in the nature of things for rookies to hobnob with the big established stars, but Casper said, "I was very impressed with the way he hit the ball. He keeps it low, much the way I do, and I thought he would be very good in the wind."

People speculated, too, about the Palmer-Nicklaus pairing. Some felt it would detract from the competition—and public interest—to have the tour's two biggest attractions on the same team. Others, knowing of the tendency of these two to needle one another, wondered if they might not forget the partnership in the heat of battle. Close as they are personally, there is nothing either likes better than to beat the other—and this does not discount their play in the Canada Cup that they won twice for the U.S., in Paris in 1963 and Hawaii in 1964.

On the contrary, the Palmer-Nicklaus team experimented at Palm Beach with schemes to improve their teamwork. On the first day, Palmer drove first on all the holes, and on the second day Nicklaus drove first. So far as they could tell, there was no advantage either way, so on the third day they alternated the honor, depending from time to time on how they felt as they stood at the tee. Where they most helped one another was in club selection. For instance, when Palmer was short with a five-iron to the green on the 8th hole, Nicklaus hit a four. Occasionally, but not often, they would help each other with advice on the contours of the greens. Like just about all the partnerships, if one of the players had a makable putt for a birdie, the other would putt first to insure the par even though he might be closer to the hole.

Actually none of the pros came up with any partnership ideas that are not known to just about every weekend golfer in the world, since four-ball is, without a doubt, the commonest form of golf for the amateur. But they loved the tournament, particularly the ones who were doing well. "It's a lot more fun than regular tournament golf," said Bobby Nichols after bringing in a 65 with his partner, R. H. Sikes, on the third day to go into a tie for second at 19 under par, just a stroke behind the leading Hebert brothers and tied with Brewer and Baird.

In the long run, luck plays the major part in four-ball success. Two golfers can be playing beautifully and scoring superbly, but if their birdies all come on the same holes they will lose to a team that manages to divide its birdies among holes. The trick is to have your partner play well on the holes where you are in the boondocks, and vice versa.

That was the trouble with Palmer and Nicklaus. Starting the final round only two strokes behind the leading Hebert brothers, they were 18 strokes under par for the tournament. On Saturday, though, they were not putting well, and their four birdies came only on the par-5 holes, leaving them in a tie for seventh. Casper and Blancas were in a similar fix, and their routine two-under-par 70 left them 10 strokes back after their earlier promising rounds.

In fact, the celebrities of golf were notable for their absence from the top as the tournament ended. Senior citizen Sam Snead, paired with Gardner Dickinson, played marvelous golf to finish in a tie for third with Nichols and Sikes, who had a lackluster 68 on the final round. But then came names like Bert Yancey and Dudley Wysong, Bob Shave and John Berry, and Billy Farrell and Babe Lichardus. None of these frightened the oldtime front-runners, who pronounced their best-ball tournament a huge success. That would change, of course, if the "unknowns" seemed about to make a habit of beating the pro pros. **END**

A quiz to see if you like to fight

'Don't bid unless you've got the cards' was for years a sound axiom for run-of-the-neighborhood bridge. Now this is changing. Even the most timid souls are wading in with harassing competitive bids. Do you know when to compete, and how? This quiz is designed to test how up-to-date your fighting instincts are. If you score 50 points or more you are a battler to beware of, and 35 or more means you have a fighting chance. But if your score is under 30 you had better hope your partner can do your brawling for you

1 As South you hold:

EAST	SOUTH	WEST	NORTH
PASS	PASS	PASS	1♣
1♣	?		

What do you bid now?

2 As South you hold: *E-W vul.*

SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
PASS	1♠	3♣*	PASS
?			

**Weak jump overcall*

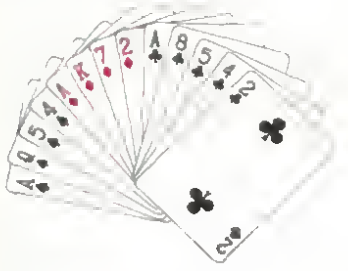
What do you bid now?

3 As South you hold:

SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
1♠	2 N T *	3♠	4♣
?			**"Unusual"*

What do you bid now?

4 As South you hold.



NORTH	EAST	SOUTH	WEST
3♥	PASS	?	

What do you bid?

5 As South you hold: *N-S vul.*

WEST	NORTH	EAST	SOUTH
PASS	PASS	3♥	?

What do you bid?

6 As South you hold:

EAST	SOUTH	WEST	NORTH
1♠	?		

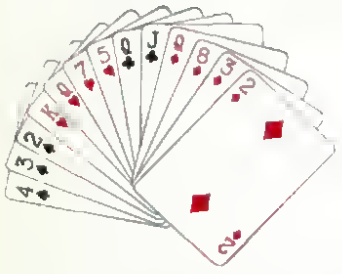
What do you bid?

7 As South you hold: *Both sides vul.*

SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
1 ♠	PASS	1 ♥	1 ♠
PASS	PASS	3 ♦	PASS
?			

What do you bid now?

8 As South you hold: *N-S vul.*



EAST	SOUTH	WEST	NORTH
3 ♠	PASS	4 ♠	4 N.T.
PASS	?		

What do you bid now?

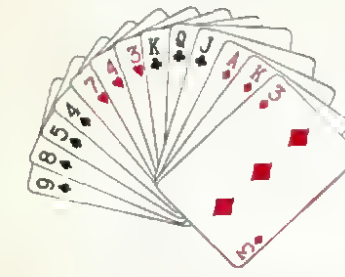
9 As South you hold:

WEST	NORTH	EAST	SOUTH
1 ♦	2 ♥*	3 ♣	?

*Preemptive, weak to intermediate

What do you bid?

10 As South you hold:



WEST	NORTH	EAST	SOUTH
1 ♥	DOUBLE	PASS	?

What do you bid?

11 *E-W vul.*

NORTH

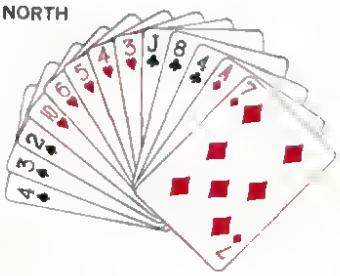
SOUTH

EAST	SOUTH	WEST	NORTH
1 ♣	1 ♠	PASS	3 ♠
PASS	4 ♠	(final bid)	

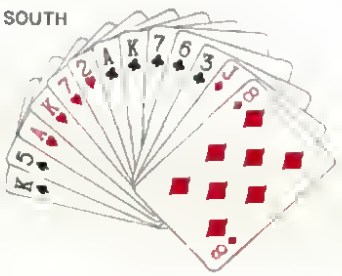
In problems 11-14 has bidding helped you? Here West opens 7 of clubs. East wins ace and returns a diamond. West takes his ace and returns diamond, trumped by East. East leads a club, West fallows. How do you proceed?

12

NORTH



SOUTH



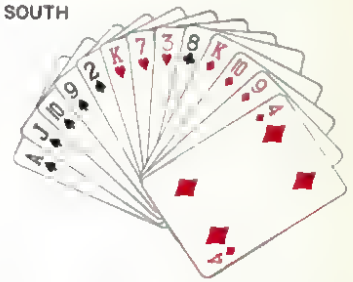
SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
1 ♣	1 ♠	PASS	PASS
1 ♥	PASS	2 ♥	PASS
4 ♥	PASS	PASS	PASS

West opens the king of diamonds. How do you play for your contract?

13 *Both sides vul.*

NORTH

SOUTH



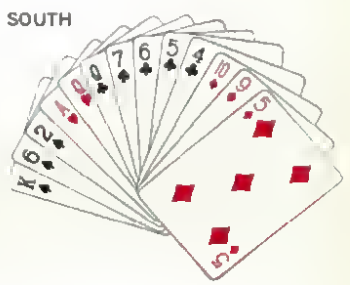
SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
1 ♠	2 ♠	2 ♦	PASS
2 ♠	PASS	3 ♣	PASS
4 ♠	PASS	PASS	PASS

West cashes the king of clubs and exits with a trump. How do you play for your contract?

14

NORTH

SOUTH



NORTH	EAST	SOUTH	WEST
1 ♠	DOUBLE	REDOUBLE	1 ♥
PASS	PASS	2 ♣	PASS
3 ♠	PASS	3 N.T.	(final bid)

West opens the jack of hearts. How do you play for your contract?

Turn page for the answers

BEST PLAYS, AND WHY

1 2 SPADES—5 PTS. 5 CLUBS—3 PTS. 3 CLUBS—2 PTS. 2 HEARTS—1 PT.

You have passed originally on a hand that is suddenly worth 16 points in support of clubs. Yet, because of that earlier pass, the only forcing bid available is a cue bid in the opponents' suit. What is more, this bid gives the truest picture of your hand. Five clubs has the virtue of insuring that game will be reached, and three clubs is stronger than two hearts, which gets a point for lagniappe.

2 5 CLUBS—5 PTS. 4 CLUBS—3 PTS. PASS—1 PT.

After partner's preemptive announcement of a no-defense hand, your singleton heart should cause a stab at the panic button. Anything less than five clubs may not shut out the heart suit, but four clubs is at least a step in the right direction. Pass deserves one point because it is better than three diamonds, which does not shut out anything.

3 4 SPADES—5 PTS. PASS—3 PTS. DOUBLE—1 PT.

We are far from sure of making game, but why should we tell the opponents that they do not need to take the save they are heading for? Pass gets a few points because it is not incorrect by the book, and double gets one point because it might be better than something else—though don't ask me what.

4 4 HEARTS—5 PTS. 4 CLUBS—3 PTS. PASS—1 PT.

A raise with a void suit seems heroic, but you have better than the four tricks that should give partner game, since partner's three bid says he expects to win six tricks with hearts as trumps. Four clubs is rewarded on the theory that some players insist that any response is forcing. Pass is better than three spades or four diamonds.

5 4 SPADES—5 PTS. DOUBLE—3 PTS. 3 SPADES—1 PT.

Surely you would not allow yourself to be shut out if you held small cards instead of the spade jack and the club queen. Hence the vast difference in awards between four spades, which properly depicts your hand, and three spades, which might be a strained competitive effort. A double might work well, but partner is unlikely ever to credit you with such a powerful spade suit, or he might even pass for an inadequate penalty.

6 3 CLUBS—5 PTS. PASS—3 PTS. DOUBLE—1 PT. 1 HEART—1 PT.

Only by a jump in clubs can you make it clear to partner that you have a fair hand with nearly solid clubs. A pass may work out if the opponents blunder into hearts or if East winds up in no trump. A double will lead to problems if partner bids spades. A one-heart bid might strike oil or trouble. But these last two bids should score over two clubs, which allows West to come in cheaply and sounds to partner like a cue bid.

7 3 SPADES—5 PTS. 3 NO TRUMP—3 PTS. 3 HEARTS—1 PT.

Having told partner by passing on the preceding round that your strength is limited, he should not think that you have suddenly discovered a hidden ace and turned slam-minded. This cue bid is an effort to place a three-no-trump contract in the proper hand if partner has Q-x or J-x-x in spades. Obviously, three no trump is not a good choice, although it is better than three hearts, which in turn must be awarded something more than a possible four diamonds, which carries us beyond the no trump game. A pass is bad. Partner had expected his bid to be treated as forcing.

8 5 HEARTS—5 PTS. 5 DIAMONDS—3 PTS. 5 SPADES—2 PTS.

Partner's four no trump is a three-suit take-out double, not an "unusual" no-trump demand for a minor suit. Diamonds is likely to prove an inferior trump suit. If we play it at hearts, we may be able to pitch losing diamonds on good clubs. Five spades might get to a good slam, but it is more likely to heap unwarranted punishment on a properly competitive partner.

9 PASS—5 PTS. 3 HEARTS—2 PTS. DOUBLE—1 PT.

East's bid is forcing, so why slow up the opponents by doubling when you will surely get an opportunity later to double a higher contract? Three hearts might stir up the animals by leading each opponent to believe that the other is short, but it might also let the opponents off the hook.

10 2 HEARTS—5 PTS. 2 SPADES—3 PTS. 1 SPADE—1 PT.

Instead of the bust with which you might have had to respond to partner's double, you hold the strength for an opening bid. The cue bid in this situation does not show controls in hearts. It merely creates a forcing sequence. Two spades is not forcing and misrepresents your hand, but at least it is better than one spade or other remote alternatives.

11 LEAD THE SPADE 8 FROM DUMMY AND, IF EAST DOES NOT COVER, TAKE THE DEEP FINESSE—5 PTS.

East is known to have begun with only four clubs and one diamond. If his remaining eight cards were not evenly divided between hearts and spades, he would have opened with a five-card major suit.

WEST	EAST
♠ —	♠ K J 5 4
♥ 10 6 3 2	♥ K Q 8 4
♦ A 9 8 7 6 5 2	♦ 4
♣ 7 6	♣ A 9 8 5

12 WIN THE ACE OF DIAMONDS · CASH TOP TRUMPS, DROPPING · QUEEN AND JACK. CASH ACE AND KING OF CLUBS. IF QUEEN DOES NOT FALL, THROW WEST IN BY LEADING DIAMOND JACK—5 PTS.

West's overcall has almost surely marked him for the ace of spades, and if East gains the lead, a spade through declarer's king will doom the contract. Having stripped West of hearts and clubs, you throw him in with the diamond, and he must let you win the king of spades or give you a ruff and discard by leading another diamond.

WEST	EAST
♠ A 10 9 6	♠ Q J 8 7
♥ Q 8	♥ J 9
♦ K Q 10 5 3	♦ 9 6 4 2
♣ 5 2	♣ Q 10 9

13 DRAW TRUMPS IN THREE LEADS. LEAD TO DUMMY'S DIAMOND ACE AND RETURN A DIAMOND. IF EAST PLAYS LOW, FINESSE THE 10—5 PTS.

Barring a lucky drop of the diamond honors, South faces the certain loss of a club and a diamond and the possible loss of two hearts unless the jack lies with West or unless another way can be found to eliminate a second heart loser. Because of his overcall, West is presumed to hold five clubs, since he has already shown three spades and probably has the ace of hearts. When he wins the second diamond with the queen, West must establish dummy's queen if he leads a club or eliminate a second heart loser if he leads a heart. If West can escape this end play by leading a third diamond, he is marked with only two cards in the heart suit, and South will make the hand by leading up to the queen of hearts and playing low on the next heart lead from dummy. West's ace can now take only low cards.

WEST	EAST
♠ 7 4 3	♠ 8 6
♥ A 8 4	♥ J 9 5 2
♦ Q 2	♦ J 8 5
♣ A K J 10 3	♣ 7 6 4 2

14 WIN FIRST HEART, LEAD TO SPADE ACE AND LEAD LOW CLUB—5 PTS. WIN HEART AND LEAD TO DIAMOND ACE—2 PTS.

East's double has marked him with all the high cards that are unaccounted for. Therefore the diamond finesse is hopeless, and you must try to win four club tricks—unless you can steal a club before you lead the diamonds. Note that the contract fails if declarer tries to establish clubs by leading to one of dummy's honors. But on the recommended line, East is helpless. If he ducks the club lead, South sets up the diamonds. If he tries the club ace, declarer makes four club tricks, two hearts, two spades and needs only one diamond. Playing the diamond ace and trying to drop the king is, in this hand, better than the mathematically superior diamond finesse. **END**

WEST	EAST
♠ 9 8 4 3	♠ Q J 10
♥ J 10 9 8 5	♥ K 7 6 3
♦ 8 7 2	♦ K 6
♣ 8	♣ A 10 9 2

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THEN MY ARM GLASSED UP

BY JOHN STEINBECK

Long before he became one of America's foremost authors, John Steinbeck worked for a fish and game commission. The job, perhaps, trained him to see with a naturalist's eye, for his novels have been notably filled with simple, moving descriptions of nature and man's relationship to it. In his most recent book, "Travels with Charley," Steinbeck used the essay form to make succinct observations about his country and its people. It turned out, as he now says, that "sports get into everything." He fished with a stranger. He raised his rifle on a coyote and could not shoot it. He found that "when a Texas football team takes the field against a foreign state, it is an army with banners." With this in mind, Senior Editor Ray Cave asked Mr. Steinbeck to write an essay on sport. His answer was no. It follows.

BILL EPPRIDGE LIFE

Dear Ray Cave:

I have your letter of August 29, and it pleased me to know that you think of me as a sportsman, albeit perhaps an unorthodox one. As you must know, I get many requests for articles, such as, "You got to rite my term paper for my second yer english or they wun't leave me play on the teem." Here is a crisis. If I don't rite his term paper I may set sports back irreparably. On the other hand, I don't think I am a good enough writer to rite his term paper in his stile well enough to get by his teacher. I remember one time when a professor in one of our sports-oriented colleges had in his English composition class a football player whose excellence on the playing field exhausted his capabilities, and yet a tyrannical scholasticism demanded that he write an essay. Well, he did, and the professor, who was a friend of mine, was utterly charmed by it. It was one of Emerson's best, and such was the purity of approach on the part of the foothall player that he had even spelled the words correctly. And he was astounded that the professor could tell that it was not all his own work.

Early on I had a shattering experience in ghostwriting that has left its mark on me. In the fourth grade in Salinas, Calif. my best friend was a boy named Pickles Moffet. He was an almost perfect little boy, for he could throw rocks harder and more accurately than anyone, he was brave beyond belief in stealing apples or raiding the cake section in the basement of the Episcopal church, a gifted boy at marbles and tops and sublimely endowed at inlighting. Pickles had only one worm in him. The writing of a simple English sentence could put him in a state of shock very like that condition which we now call battle fatigue. Imagine to yourself, as the French say, a burgeoning spring in Salinas, the streets glorious with puddles, grass and wild flowers and toadstools in full chorus, and the dense adobe mud of just the proper consistency to be molded into balls and flung against white walls—an activity at which Pickles Moffet excelled. It was a time of ecstasy, like the birth of a sweet and sinless world.

And just at this time our fourth-grade teacher hurled the lightning. She assigned us our homework. We were to write a quatrain in iambic pentameter with an a b a b rhyme scheme.

Well, I thought Pickles was done for. His eyes rolled up. His palms grew sweaty, and a series of jerky spasms went through his rigid body. I soothed him and gentled him, but to show you the state Pickles was in—he threw a mud ball at Mrs. Warnock's newly painted white residence. *And he missed the whole house.*

I think I saved Pickles' life. I promised to write two quatrains and give one to him. I'm sure there is a moral in this story somewhere, but where? The verse I gave to Pickles got him an A while the one I turned in for myself brought a C.

You will understand that the injustice of this bugged me pretty badly. Neither poem was any great shucks, butt at least they were equally bad. And I guess my sense of injustice outweighed my caution, for I went to the teacher and complained: "How come Pickles got an A and I only got a C?"

Her answer has stayed with me all my life. She said, "What Pickles wrote was remarkable for Pickles. What you wrote was inferior for you." You see? Sports get into everything, even into verse-writing, and I tell this story to myself every time I think I am getting away with something.

As I started to say, I get many requests for articles, and sometimes the letter of refusal is longer than the article would have been. I have always been interested in sports, but more as an observer than as a participant. It seems to me that any sport is a kind of practice, perhaps unconscious, for the life-and-death struggle for survival. Our team sports simulate war, with its strategy, tactics, logistics, heroism and or cowardice. Individual competition of all kinds has surely ingredients of single combat, which was for x millions of years the means of going on living. The Greeks, who invented realism and pretty much cornered the market, began the training of a soldier by teaching him dancing. The rhythm, precision and coordination of the dance made the hoplite one hell of a lot better trooper. In this connection, it is interesting that the hill men of Crete in their all-male dancing go through the motions of using shield and spear, of defense and dodge and parry, of attack, thrust and retreat. I don't imagine they know this, but it is what they do.

The very word "sport" is interesting. It is a shortening of "disport" (OED, "disportare, to carry away, hence to amuse or to entertain"). From earliest times people played lightly at the deadly and serious things so that they could stand them at all—

continued

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all, that is, except the Greeks, who in their competitions were offering the gift of their endurance, their strength and their spirits to the gods. Perhaps our values and our gods have changed.

My own participation in sports has been completely undistinguished. I once threw the javelin rather promisingly until my arm glassed up. Once I was fairly good at boxing, mainly because I hated it and wanted to get it over with and to get out. This is not boxing but fighting.

My feeling about hunting has made me pretty unpopular. I have nothing against the killing of animals if there is any need. I did, can and always will kill anything I need or want to eat, including relatives. But the killing of large animals just to prove we can does not indicate to me that we are superior to animals but a kind of deep-down feeling that we are not. A room full of stuffed and glass-eyed heads always gives me a feeling of sadness for the man so unsure of himself that he has constantly to prove himself and to keep the evidence for others to see. What I do admire and respect is our memory of a time when hunting was a very large part of our economy. We preserve this memory intact even though we now have a larger mortality in hunters than in game.

I must admit that I have enjoyed two stuffed specimens on public display. They were in Moscow in Red Square, and thousands of people went by to see them. Since then the more dangerous of the two has been removed from public view, but for the wrong reasons.

I find the so-called blood sports like fox hunting charming and sometimes ravishingly beautiful. Besides, fox hunting serves the useful purpose of preventing population explosion in the gentry and increasing the number of fine horses. The fox population doesn't seem to be affected one way or another.

I love a certain kind of fishing above all other so-called sports. It is almost the last remaining way for a man to be alone without being suspected of some secret sin. By fishing without bait it is even possible to avoid being disturbed by fish. I am surprised that the dour brotherhood of psychoanalysts has not attacked fishing, since it seems to me it is in competition. Two hours with a fishing rod is worth 10 hours on the couch and very much less expensive.

My passion for fishing does not extend to big-game fishing. While I admire the strength, skill and endurance of the men who do it well, I have found that after a time the cranking in of sea monsters becomes damned hard work. And many a man who would resist to the death carrying a bucket of coal up to a second-floor fireplace will break his heart struggling with a fish he is going to kill, photograph and throw away. I have studied fish both zoologically and ecologically, and once long ago I worked for the California Fish and Game Commission, where I helped at the birth and raising of a good many millions of trout. At that time I learned to admire them but not greatly to respect their intelligence. And it has seemed to me that a man who can outthink fish may have a great future, but it will be limited to fish. His acquired knowledge will do him little good at a Sunday-school picnic or a board meeting.

Nearly all sports as we know them seem to be memories and in a way ceremonial reenactments of situations that were once of paramount importance to our survival. For example, jousting in the 16th century was an expensive and mannered playback of the tactics of the heavy armed cavalry of the late Roman Empire. Our own once noble cavalry, which was eliminated by the machine gun and the armoured car, became the tank corps. It is interesting how symbols persist. Tank officers, at least until a few years ago, still wore spurs with their dress uniforms.

Not only are our former triumphs remembered in sports, but some of our ancient fears. The hatred and terror of sharks familiar to all sailors in history have made shark hunting very popular. There is almost a feeling of glory and sacrificial punishment in the shark hunter. He kills these great and interesting animals not only with glee but with a sense of administering justice to a cruel and hated enemy. The carcasses are usually thrown away after photographing. There is utterly no understanding that sharks may well be factors in an intricate ecological balance. Edible sharks, such as the leopards, the whites and the makos, are rarely eaten, and it is never considered that the increase in the shark population has not to do with a shark dynamism but rather that we are dumping more and more shark-edible garbage at sea.

You see, my interest in sports is catholic but cool. I don't expect you will believe that I once sent for a mail-order course in alligator wrestling complete

continued

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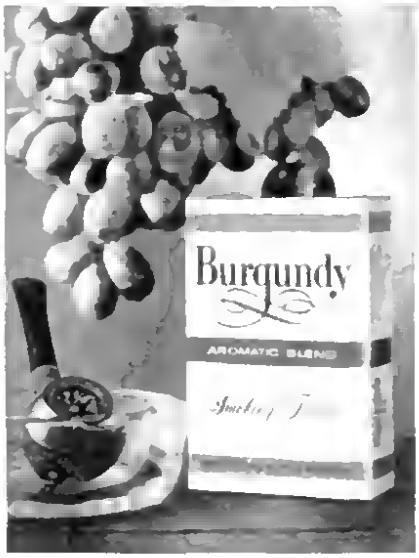

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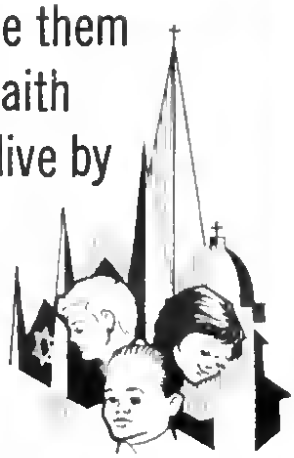

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with a [illegible] and I will not tell you this.

Yes, my interest in sports is quiet but deep. I am particularly drawn to the game of rounders, which we call baseball. I would be wrong to call it a sport. I don't think the players have a real sporting attitude toward it. Mostly they want to win because if they win they get more money. In baseball I like the audience almost better than the game. I guess that is why I am a Met fan. But for many years our household was torn to pieces emotionally every year. My wife was a Dodger fan born and bred in Fort Worth, which is, or was, a Dodger farm. Every year, she went through the fervency, the hope, the prayer, the shining eyes and the loud and raucous voice and, finally, after the season the dark and deadly gloom and despair that lasted clear into spring-training time. I guess our family devoted more pure spiritual energy to the Dodgers than to any other religious organization. This, of course, was before they defected to the West. Any kind of skulduggery and ineptness my wife could forgive and even defend, but treason she could not take. She is a Met fan now, and our house is whole again.

Early on, to save arguments, I became an Oriole fan and even bought a little stock in that club. If you were for anyone else you got an argument, but if you said you were an Oriole fan people just laughed and let you alone. I thought I had a guarantee that they would stay on the bottom, but now they have doublecrossed me by climbing up. I nearly went to the Senators, because there is a federal law which forbids them to win. Then the Mets happened, and I was stuck.

Baseball brings out a kind of pugnacious frustration in foreigners. Once as guests of a very old and dear friend in London, we were at Lord's watching a sedate and important cricket match. When a player let a fast ball go by, my wife yelled, "Cut it! What ya got, lead in ya pants?" A deathly silence fell on the section around us, and it was apparent that our host would have to resign from all his clubs. Afterward he lectured her gently. "My dear," he said, "we don't do it."

"Pee Wee Reese would of got it," said my elegant *maghe*.

"Don't tell me about baseball," said our host. "It's only rounders, and I know all about it. Don't forget, I, too, have been to *Lybert's Field*." There is no way to explain that baseball is not a sport or a game or a contest. It is a state of mind, and you can't learn it.

You will be aware by now of my reasons for not being able to write a piece about sports for SPORTS ILLUSTRATED. My interests are too scattered and too unorthodox. But I do find the American cult of youth, violence and coronaries a little unreasonable. It does seem to me that "as life's shadows lengthen" our so-called senior citizens should have competitive sports, but that the pace should be reduced. Turtle racing won't do, because it is dull. But, being lazy, I invented some years ago a sport which satisfied my ego and my sense of competition and matched my inclination. It is called vine racing. Each contestant plants a seed beside a pole of specified height, and the first vine to reach the top wins. There are, however, some luxurious vines which have been known to grow 10 inches a day—which might

in some owner-managers raise the blood pressure. For these passionate ones, among whom am I, I have laid out the ground rules for an even more sedate and healthful contest. This is oak-tree racing. Each of the eager players plants an acorn. The obvious advantage of this contest is that, depending on the agreed finishing height, it may go on for generations. At the cry, "They're off!" the fancy could enjoy all semblance of growth and renewal until the checkered flag came down 300 years later. By that time the original contestants should be represented by large numbers of descendants, for tree racing allows one the leisure to indulge in other sports, the darlings.

I should like to mention one more activity which only the Anglo-Saxons consider a sport and hate and attend in droves. That is bullfighting. In this I have gone full course, read, studied, watched and shared. From the first horror I went to the mortal beauty, the form and exquisiteness from *verónica* to *faena*. I have seen a great many bullfights (it is only called a fight in English). I even saw Manolete fight a number of times, which is more than Ernest Hemingway did. And I have seen a few great and beautiful things in the bullring. There are only a few, and you must see very many fights to see the great one. But I suppose there are very few great anythings in the world. How many great sonnets are there? How many great plays? For that matter, how many great wines?

I think I have been through most of the possible feelings about tauromachy, rising eventually to the sublime conception that the incomparable bravery of the matador

Continued

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somehow doled out courage to the audience. Oh! this was not blind and ignorant celebration. I hung around the rings. I knew about the underweight bulls, the sandbags on the kidneys, the shaved horns and sometimes the needle of barbiturate in the shoulder as the gate swung open. But there was also that moment of what they call truth, a sublimity, a halo of the invincible human spirit and unspeakable, beautiful courage.

And then doubt began to creep in. The matadors I knew had souls of Toledo steel for the bull, but they were terrified of their impresarios, pulp in the hands of their critics and avaricious beyond belief. Perhaps they gave the audience a little courage of a certain kind, but not the kind the audience and the world needed and needs. I have yet to hear of a bullfighter who has taken a dangerous political stand, who has fought a moral battle unless its horns were shaved. It began to seem to me that this superb courage could be put to better uses than the ritual slaughter of bulls in the afternoon. One Ed Murrow standing up to take the charge of an enraged McCarthy, one little chicken-necked Negro going into a voting booth in Alabama, one Dag Hammarskjold flying to his death and knowing it—this is the kind of courage we need, because in the end it is not the bulls that will defeat us, I am afraid, but our own miserable, craven and covetous selves.

So you see, Ray Cave, it was a mistake to ask me to write an essay about sports. Hell, I don't even know the batting average of Eddie Kranepool.

JOHN STEINBECK

A traditional Christmas eggnog—made with gold Puerto Rican rum. Photograph by Alan Fontaine.

How to make good, old-fashioned eggnog the first time you try

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Basketball's Week

by MERVIN HYMAN

THE SOUTH

The week was not all peachy-dandy for Duke. Before the Blue Devils got around to destroying UCLA's image (*page 30*), they were upset by SOUTH CAROLINA 73–71. Everybody in the ACC just naturally worries when they have to play against Coach Frank McGuire's teams, but nobody really expected his young Gamecocks to trouble Duke, even at Columbia. They did, though, especially sophomore Guards Skip Harlicka and Jack Thompson, who wrecked the Blue Devils' press, and Frank Standard, another rookie, who flipped in the winning layup with 15 seconds to go. Later, in Philadelphia's noisy Palestra, the wily McGuire put his team into an irritating stall to slow down Penn's running game. It worked beautifully. While the Quakers fumed and loyal Big Five partisans booed lustily, unbeaten South Carolina won 42–39. "We're two years ahead of schedule," gloated McGuire.

VANDERBILT, too, made the most of a slowdown, beating Tennessee at its own methodical game 53–50. Guard Jerry Southwood, who had 10 assists, concentrated on getting the ball to 6-foot-9 Clyde Lee, and Lee showed his appreciation by scoring 28 points. Against North Carolina, Lee got 22 more—and 17 rebounds—and Vandy took its third straight, 81–72.

Meanwhile, potential SEC contenders were popping up in likely—and unlikely—places. KENTUCKY, with sophomore Thad Jaracz scoring 32 points, trounced Illinois 86–68 in Urbana and then held off rallying Northwestern 86–75 in Lexington. ALABAMA, unbeaten but, also still untested, blasted Howard 89–65 and Southern Mississippi 93–79. And GEORGIA's bold Ken Rosemond was beginning to have delusions of grandeur after his Bulldogs beat Georgia Tech 76–65. "I have three goals," announced Rosemond. "I want a winning season, three wins over Tech, and, by January 10, I want to be in the nation's top 10." That sounds too ambitious.

DAVIDSON looked good enough to challenge for the Southern Conference title. The Wildcats had four straight after beating Furman 90–70, Marquette 73–65 and East Carolina 90–82. LOUISVILLE bounced back to take Marquette 70–61.

THE MIDWEST

WICHITA STATE had the answer to Michigan's tough zone press—a tougher one of its own. Even without ailing Kelly Pete, the quick Shockers crowded the Wolverines relentlessly and then ran away from them with their fast break. Jamie Thompson did not miss a shot—he had nine field goals and 10 fouls for 28 points—and Wichita upset Michigan 100–94. Three nights later the Shockers shook up another undefeated team, beating Colorado 87–81.

MICHIGAN, however, came back strong. San Francisco's Pete Peletta made the sad mistake of getting himself quoted saying, "Our All-America [Joe Ellis] is better than Michigan's." That was about all the incentive the Wolverines' Cazzie Russell needed. Wheeling and dealing brilliantly with hooks, jumpers, rebounds and layups, Russell poured in 45 points and held Ellis to seven in the second half as Michigan overwhelmed the defenseless Dons 96–78. At one point, Russell even moved into the pivot against Ellis and threw in two quick baskets. "We just wanted to torture him a little," explained Michigan Coach Dave Strack.

The Midwest was no place for unbeaten visitors last week. West Virginia got into foul trouble against ILLINOIS—four players fouled out—and was upset 96–86. DEPAUL took the boards away from Louisville's Westley Unseld and beat the Cardinals 87–62. ST. JOHN'S, after outsticking Kansas State 72–65 with some good eastern-style basketball, lost to KANSAS 61–55. The Jayhawkers' clinging man-to-man defense and Walt Wesley's tip-ins were just too much for the Redmen.

Unbeaten area schools had better luck. IOWA, MINNESOTA, BRADLEY and ST. LOUIS all kept their records clean.

THE EAST

Little FAIRFIELD, hunting for big game this year, made off with a prize. Despite John Austin's 34 points, the precocious Stags trapped Boston College with some robust rebounding. Mike Branch and William Jones had 30—and shocked the Eagles 100–93. But BOSTON COLLEGE got going against Connecticut. Austin scored 24 points, sophomore Steve Adelman had 18 and the Eagles won easily 90–74. Fairfield also won again, outscoring St. Peter's 89–82 in triple overtime.

ST. JOSEPH'S and PROVIDENCE, meanwhile, were still winning easily. St. Joe's, running and pressing diligently, swamped Bellarmine 98–68 and Bowling Green 98–55. Providence, with classy Jimmy Walker piling up 27 points, took Assumption 88–79 and then trounced St. Francis (N.Y.) 108–80 as Jim Benedict fired in 28.

TEMPLE and SYRACUSE looked good, too. The Owls beat Lehigh 73–40, Toledo 92–62 and Gettysburg 59–45 while Syracuse took Cornell 87–81 and Kent State 100–86. ST. BONAVENTURE surprised undefeated Xavier 92–72. But NYU, after trouncing Niagara 103–73, lost to ARMY 76–68.

PRINCETON, even without Bill Bradley, was no easy mark. The smooth Tigers beat subpar Villanova 82–55 and Navy 72–54. But they may get competition for the Ivy title from COLUMBIA. The Lions, with 7-foot Dave Newmark sweeping the boards and Stan Felsinger dropping in two foul shots near the end, upset Cornell 69–68.

THE SOUTHWEST

In OKLAHOMA CITY they call them Weasel, Big Game and Jerry Lee. James (Weasel) Ware, Charley (Big Game) Hunter and Jerry Lee Wells frug and sing in the dressing room, they dance through their pregame warmups to a recording of *Sweet Georgia Brown* and they win basketball games for Coach Abe Lemons' Chiefs. "Never seen anything like it," says Lemons. "Everything'll be all serious and one of those guys starts singin' 'Gonna get me into the movies, gonna make me a movie star.'" Last week, after Oklahoma City trounced Loyola in Chicago 106–89, Lemons' swingers came home to rip Texas Christian 138–114 for their fifth straight. Weasel and Jerry Lee each scored 28 points and Big Game got 27.

Southwest Conference teams were much less colorful, but the better ones were winning, too. TEXAS TECH broke out of its slump to beat Arizona 77–72 and New Mexico 78–68, while TEXAS A&M took Southwest Texas State 77–66 and Houston 93–88. SOUTHERN METHODIST, without ailing playmaker Denny Holman, still outscored Oklahoma 97–78 and Tulane 78–69 but lost to LOUISIANA STATE 91–88.

THE WEST

For a while it looked as if SAN FRANCISCO was in for it. Miami of Florida, using a variety of tantalizing presses, had the Dons down 11 points at half time. Then San Francisco got smart. Sometimes lanky Erwin Mueller went to midcourt for a direct pass, other times three men held back for the inbounds pass, creating a three-on-two situation. Miami's press soon disintegrated, Larry Blum and Joe Ellis shot for 43 points and the Dons won 105–89.

Hardly anyone would have guessed that, with the season 11 days old, WASHINGTON STATE would be the only unbeaten team on the West Coast. But the Cougars were, after taking Montana twice, 92–62 and 84–78. Stanford lost its first, to SAN JOSE STATE 58–57, and CALIFORNIA split a pair with NEBRASKA, winning 87–71 and then losing 70–68.

UTAH and independent COLORADO STATE were still undefeated in the mountain country. The Utes smashed Centenary 98–81 and St. Mary's 95–52, while deliberate Colorado State beat Arizona State 84–63 and California State 93–84. **END**

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BASKETBALL—NBA: LOS ANGELES (18-14) the Western Division leader by 3½ games, played six games winning three, losing three. BALTIMORE (14-17) with victories over the 76ers and the Warriors and a loss to the Knicks leaped from fourth to second as SAN FRANCISCO (13-16) and ST. LOUIS (11-16) both slumped badly. The Warriors took one game from the Royals 110-109 when Guy Rodgers sank a free throw with five seconds to go, but lost three others. The Hawks beat the Knicks 104-93 while losing four. Last place DETROIT (9-17) won two straight from the Warriors and the 76ers. BOSTON (18-7) increased its Eastern Division lead to 2½ games by taking three straight, despite limited activity from the injured Sam Jones and Bill Russell. Only seven percentage points separated second-place CINCINNATI (17-11) and third-place PHILADELPHIA (15-10) as the Royals were 0 for 3 while the 76ers split four. The biggest surprise of the week was NEW YORK (10-17). The Knicks won three games—two of them in a row for the first time this season and one over the Lakers. In addition, their 150-127 victory over the Bullets was New York's second highest point total in 20 seasons of play. The Knicks' only loss was to the Hawks 104-93.

BOXING—World Welterweight Champion EMILE GRIFFITH won his 12th title fight, a dreary affair in which he gained a 15-round unanimous decision over Manny Gonzales of Odessa, Texas.

FOOTBALL—NFL: Paul Hornung scored five touchdowns, the most ever by a Packer, to give GREEN BAY a 42-27 victory over Baltimore and first place in the West (*page 22*). Better yet was rookie Gale Sayers, who scored six times for CHICAGO to set an NFL season record of 21 touchdowns and tie an NFL single-game mark as the Bears walloped San Francisco 61-20. Included in the Sayers scoring spree were an 80-yard screen-pass play, a 50-yard run and an 85-yard punt return. MINNESOTA defeated Detroit 29-7 and Cleveland, the Eastern champion, was jolted by LOS ANGELES 42-7. It was the Rams' third consecutive win under Quarterback Roman Gabriel, who threw five TD passes and scored another touchdown on a nine-yard run. Earl Morrall tossed two long TD passes (74 and 72 yards) to Homer Jones as NEW YORK beat Washington 27-10. DALLAS handed St. Louis its fifth straight loss 27-13, while PHILADELPHIA whipped Pittsburgh 47-13.

AFL: SAN DIEGO gained the Western Division title by coming from behind in the last period with 20 points to defeat Houston 37-26. Pete Gogolak booted two field goals, lifting his season total to 28, a league record—and Jack Kemp threw three TD passes in leading Eastern Division champion BUFFALO to a 34-25 victory over Kansas City. OAKLAND beat New York 24-14 in a game between the divisional second-place teams, while BOSTON proved to be the better divisional last-place team when it defeated Denver 28-20 on Babe Parilli's three TD tosses.

COLLEGE: ST. JOHN's of Minnesota gained its second NAIA championship in three years by defeating Linfield College of Oregon 33-0 in the Champion Bowl in Augusta, Ga. as Fullback Stan Suchta scored three TDs on short runs. In the Junior Rose Bowl in Pasadena, Calif., FULLERTON JUNIOR COLLEGE of California came from behind twice to edge previously undefeated Henderson County Junior College of Texas 20-15. TENNESSEE STATE tied BALL STATE 14-14 in the Grantland Rice Bowl in Murfreesboro, Tenn. when Noland Smith returned a punt 74 yards for a touchdown with two minutes left in the game, and Eldridge Dickey passed to Johnny Robinson for a two-point conversion. In the Tangerine Bowl in Orlando, Fla., Fullback Dave Alexander scored two TDs and passed for another to lead EAST CAROLINA to a 31-0 rout of Maine, and in the Camellia Bowl in Sacramento, Calif., Quarterback Ray Jones scored all of LOS ANGELES STATE's points, six of them on a 90-yard kickoff return, as the Diablos beat Santa Barbara 18-10. NORTH DAKOTA STATE, the top NCAA small-college team, ran its winning streak to 15 with a 20-7 victory over Grambling in the Pecan Bowl in Abilene, Texas.

GOLF—GAY BREWER and BUTCH BAIRD won the first PGA National Four-Ball championship, in Palm Beach Gardens, Fla., by three strokes (*page 84*).

HOCKEY—NHL: MONTREAL (14-4-4) regained the lead and zoomed four points ahead of CHICAGO (13-7-2) by winning three in a row, including two back-to-back victories over the Black Hawks, 2-1 and 5-3. The Hawks' only other game was a 2-2 tie with the Rangers. DETROIT (10-8-4) also won three straight to extend its winning streak to seven and climbed within four points of Chicago. TORONTO (8-10-4) won a game and tied one. NEW YORK (5-12-7) tied two and lost two, making it 10 games in a row without a victory, and BOSTON (5-14-3) dropped three.

TENNIS—The U.S.'s ARTHUR ASHE, recovered from the sore toe that plagued him during the Victorian championships a week earlier, took the South Australian men's singles title in Adelaide with an upset win—his second in a row—over Wimbledon Champion Roy Emerson. Ashe dropped the first set 7-9, then took the next three 7-5, 6-0, 6-4.

TRACK & FIELD—East Germany's JURGEN MAY ran an extraordinary mile that was just 2/10 second slower than Frenchman Michel Jazy's world-record time and the second fastest mile ever run. Kipchoge Keino of Kenya set a fast pace early in the race in Wanganui, New Zealand, but May stayed with him and on the final lap outsprinted Keino to the tape to win by some three strides in 3:53.8. Keino was timed in 3:54.9.

MILEPOSTS—APPOINTED: Director of Player Personnel (in effect, General Manager) of the Baltimore Orioles, HARRY DALTON, 37, the Orioles' farm director the past five years.

HIRED: By the University of Iowa after eight years as head football coach at the University of Utah, RAY NAGEL, 38, to replace Jerry Burns. Nagel's record with the Redskins was 43-38-1 and his 1964 team (9-2) beat West Virginia in the Liberty Bowl.

HIRED: To succeed recently fired Football Coach Johnny Michelosen at the University of Pittsburgh, DAVE HART, 39, for the last two years defensive backfield coach at Navy and formerly a successful high school coach in western Pennsylvania.

TRADED: By the Cincinnati Reds, long-ball hitter FRANK ROBINSON, 30, who averaged 32 home runs, 101 RBIs and batted .303 in his 10 years in the National League, to the Baltimore Orioles for Pitcher MILT PAPPAS, 26 (13-9, 2.61 ERA). Reliever JACK BALDSCHUN, and Outfielder DICK SIMPSON.

RESIGNED: The Los Angeles Angels' dynamic director of public relations, IRV KAZE, 39. Kaze, who had been with the Angels since their inception in 1960, will join Grey Public Relations, Inc.

FIRED: Maryland Football Coach TOM NUGENT after seven years and a 36-34 record. This year's Terrapins, which Nugent called his best Maryland team ever before the season began, won only four of 10 games.

FIRED: PAUL RICHARDS, 57, the Houston general manager since 1962, and LUMAN HARRIS, 50, the Astros' manager the past season. Harris was replaced by GRADY HATTON, 43, 1965's minor league manager of the year at Oklahoma City, a Houston farm club.

DIED: Baseball's most famous and most successful front-office man, BRANCH RICKEY, 83, after lying in a coma for 26 days in Columbia, Mo. A bust as a player (batted .239 in 117 games with the Browns and the Yankees, 1905-1907, and had a record 13 bases stolen on him in one game while catching) and as a manager (finished only one of the second division only twice in 11 years with the Browns, 1912-1915 and the Cardinals, 1919-1925), Rickey gained his great fame as a developer of ball clubs and as a shrewd trader of ballplayers. While managing the Cardinals, Rickey conceived the idea of farm clubs, and after he became vice-president of the team in 1925 he built the famous Cardinal farm system that produced six pennant winners and four World Series champions in 17 years. In 1943 Rickey moved to the Brooklyn Dodgers as president and, in October 1945, chose Jackie Robinson to become the first Negro to play in organized baseball. The color bar in the majors was broken forever in 1947 when Robinson, guided by Rickey, played for the Dodgers and ended up as the league's rookie of the year. By signing up every young man that he could during the war, Rickey had built a large stockpile of talent in the postwar years that Brooklyn dominated the league for the next decade. From 1950 to 1955 Rickey worked his magic for the Pittsburgh Pirates, and in 1960 they won their first pennant in 33 years. By then Rickey was president of the Continental League, the projected third major league that forced the existing leagues into expansion. Rickey returned to the Cardinals in 1962 as a consultant on player personnel but resigned at the end of the 1964 season.

CREDITS

28—London Mirror Group. 29—London Daily Express Pictorial. 30,32—James Drake. 71—Shawky & Long. 78—Bob Daily Dayton Journal Herald. 79—UPI. 80—Bud Kamenish. 81—Mike Agoundas, Fred Kaplan. 82—Fred Kaplan. 83—Nick Longworth, Francis Miller, LIFE. 84—Frazer Hales. 105—Honolulu Advertiser, Buffalo Courier Express.

FACES IN THE CROWD

SUSIE RESSEGUIE, a North Carolina State sophomore, set two meet records in her first collegiate competition—the Women's Intercollegiate Swimming Meet in Kent, Ohio—with a 56.8 in the 100-yard freestyle and a 2:23.1 in the 200-yard individual medley.

STAN CADIENTE, a senior quarterback for Farrington High in Honolulu, passed for two TDs and a two-point conversion to lead the Governors to a 16-6 victory over Kamehameha and their first Interscholastic League of Honolulu championship in 22 years.

BILL CLEARY, an oilman and president of the Oklahoma City Symphony, became the first man ever to earn three diamonds for feats of soaring in a low-performance sailplane when he reached an altitude of 30,950 feet over the Black Forest in Colorado.

CANDICE BROWN, 13, an eighth-grader at Oak Knoll School of the Holy Child in Summit, N.J., won the junior ladies' title at the North Atlantic Figure Skating Championships in Buffalo, N.Y., taking first in both the figures and freestyle events.

WAYNE HUSTON, a senior at Trenton (N.J.) State College, scored four goals and led his team to a 6-2 win over Earlham College and the NAIA soccer championship in Kansas City. His eight tournament goals gave him a career record of 72-32 for the season.

PAT McMAHON of Oklahoma Baptist University in Shawnee led all the way after the first mile of the four-mile NAIA Cross-Country Championship run in Omaha, slogging over the snow-covered course in 20:28.5, just 5.8 seconds off the record for the event.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

EX-PALESTRA

Sirs:

St. Joseph's No. 1 (Scouting Reports, Dec. 6)?

In Philadelphia's infamous Palestra, St. Joe's may be No. 1, but certainly not in the country as a whole. Beating the Hawks in that hard-court snake pit is like running up Mt. Everest barefooted. But get them out of the Palestra and they're mediocre.

THOMAS D. LIPS

Hanover, N.H.

Sirs:

If they are not playing eastern powerhouses like Fairfield, Albright and Lafayette, St. Joseph's can't win across the street from the sheltered Palestra. They will continue to overwhelm such teams all season. However, come the NCAA finals in March, the story will be the same as it is year after year after year: the East a loser again.

MAYOR R. HEIDERG

Highland Park, Ill.

Sirs:

Thanks for selecting St. Joseph's College as No. 1. St. Joe's in recent years has been one of the most spirited colleges in the nation, especially at the Palestra, the home of the Big Five. I'm sure that your selection of St. Joseph's will increase the enthusiasm of both the players and the fans even more.

RAY ADELIZZI

Philadelphia

Sirs:

I feel it is my obligation to inform you of how greatly you erred.

JEFF WEISS

Van Nuys, Calif.

Sirs:

To anyone reviewing your top 20 basketball ratings it is plain to see it took two "experts" to do the rating, the one who held the hat and the one who drew the names from it. Minnesota must have been stuck in the hatband.

MARK SCHOMMER

Jordan, Minn.

Sirs:

How could you possibly leave out Minnesota? Both the Associated Press and United Press International have them rated in the top 10, but you don't even mention them.

E. N. BALL

Minneapolis

Sirs:

The University of Dayton finished with a 22–7 record and a bid to the NCAA tournament from the tough midwestern district. The Flyers have lost only one player from that squad, and you didn't even rate them.

STEPHEN J. STEINER

Dayton

Sirs:

St. John's not in the top 20? You've got to be kidding!

GEORGE PERLMUTTER

Middle Village, N.Y.

Sirs:

You can't please 'em all, that's for sure, but how can you leave out the schools in Utah, the basketball capital of the West? By season's end Brigham Young University and Utah may both be in the top 20—especially BYU, already averaging 100-plus points per game.

BRADLEY MUNN

Los Angeles

Sirs:

We at Bradley were extremely upset by your reason for picking the Braves 12th in the nation. You devote almost a full column to the length of the varsity players' socks. Where would they finish with short socks?

SAM WACHTEL
HOWIE SCHWARTZ

Peoria, Ill.

Sirs:

I hope you, and Mervin Hyman in particular, have taken due notice of the short Shocks (average height 6 feet 1½) of Wichita State and their exciting 100–94 victory over a fine Michigan team.

TOM J. GILMORE

Wichita, Kans.

PRESSING MATTER

Sirs:

Many thanks for your interesting and informative article, *A Press that Panics Them All* (Dec. 6). Not only do you manage to provide entertainment in this essay, you also provide ideas and instruction for the volunteer coaches who work with the many youth teams in our YMCA basketball league.

The "coaching clinics" that our part-time coaches attend are limited to mimeographed sheets passed out following a 15-minute talk given by a local coach or official. More informative and diagramed articles of this type will help to improve on our clinics—so keep them coming!

RON LUCE

Sioux Falls, S. Dak.

Sirs:

Mervin Hyman discusses the now-famous zone press of UCLA as a relatively new weapon in college basketball. Well, it certainly is not new to Illinois high school basketball.

In the Illinois Sweet 16 tournament of 1952, George Latham and his Quincy High Blue Devils used the zone press to beat Mt. Vernon High School in the semifinal game. As I recall, it was a 2–2–1 press. Latham, a master of pattern-style basketball, introduced the zone press as a surprise tactic to break the rhythm of the opponent's offense and force them into costly mechanical errors.

Last year Sherrill Hanks, present Quincy High coach, used the zone press to overcome half-time deficits in the final five games of the Illinois tournament against the state's finest teams, losing finally in the championship game to Collinsville, Ill. by three points. Incidentally, the game was an interesting clash between two teams who each use the zone press as a basic plan of attack.

Latham used to say that a good defense was the best offense. UCLA, Quincy High and Collinsville High are certainly proving him correct.

DON HARVEY

Quincy, Ill.

Sirs:

I have devised an easy five-step plan to beat the zone press: 1) Oscar Robertson, 2) Jerry West, 3) Bill Russell, 4) Jerry Lucas and 5) Wilt Chamberlain.

JOHN OAKLEY JR.

Sandusky, Ohio

DIAMOND IN THE FLUFF

Sirs:

I thought your readers might like to know that your article on western powder has given Alta the impetus to introduce the Alta Diamond. This will be a prestige award given to people who ski at Alta and will be awarded on the basis of such skiers' ability to handle all types of off-trail skiing and especially powder.

Anyone may nominate anyone for the award and, eventually, these nominations will be judged by a committee of past award winners at the season's end.

However, the first judges will be drawn from a well-qualified group of skiers, such as Alf Engen, Junior Bounous, Ted Johnson, Eddie Morris and Gene Huber, names any skier would recognize.

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JIM GADDIS

Salt Lake City

continued

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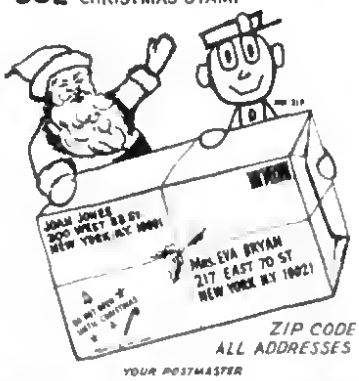

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19TH HOLE [illegible]

ON THE BOUNCE

Sirs:

I certainly appreciated your recent article on table tennis (*Spongers Seldom Chisel*, Nov. 15). Most people not familiar with this game imagine it to be the same as that played in many home basements—that is, a sort of pit-patting of the ball over the net until someone makes an error. Actually, it is a very exhausting sport, considering that the ball goes over the net three times during the time it takes a tennis ball to go over once. This is one reason top competitors of the country are in top condition and most have a lean, stringy type of build. You don't see fat men who smoke big cigars playing championship table tennis, even though you may see them bowling or playing billiards.

ALVIN JACKNIS
Fort Harrison, Ind.

Sirs:

As a lifelong fan of Ping-Pong (pardon me, table tennis), I want to thank you and Dick Miles for his humorous and informative article. Currently I am serving in the Army in Germany and am playing on a *Tischtennis* team for T.V. Gruningen, a sports club in my adopted home town of Gruningen, near Giessen.

My roommate, George DeLucia, and I have been, for the past two years, the only Americans in the extensive league system around Giessen and have thoroughly enjoyed our experiences. Mr. Miles and other readers might enjoy some of the comments that my chop and my thin rubber paddle draw from the Germans. When I first start to warm up against a new team my paddle makes such a hollow sound (compared with their sponge-covered *Schlagers*) that the opposition invariably reaches for a new ball commenting, "*Der Ball ist kaputt*." I can only reply, "*Nein, mein Schlager ist kaputt*." But actually I, like Mr. Miles, find the old rubber paddle very effective at countering the spongers.

MICHAEL B. JONES
Gruningen, West Germany

Sirs:

Mr. Miles obviously intended to be humorous, yet he also brought up a problem which has long plagued every sport from bridge to baseball. The problem seems to be that the spectators (as well as the athletes) fail to realize that every sport is a game and should be enjoyed as such.

As Miles reminds us, the excitement of competition in sports is "woonderful"—especially in table tennis—but are sponge hats, alarm clocks under the table and all of the overplayed emotions which accompany this (and many other sports really necessary to their enjoyment?

JAMES C. WOODS
Arlington Heights, Ill.

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